THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1874 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1874.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, } No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. No. 33.

DAS MAEDEL DAS ICH MEINE.

(THE GIRL I FANCY.)

Dearest eyes of Heaven's own hue,
Filled with tenderest love and true,
Bright with smiles or dim with tears,
Ever some new grace appears,
As they shyly glance at me,
All my darling's heart I see,
Das Maedel das ich meine.

Sweetest lips, whose bashful kiss
Fills my soul with trembling bliss,
Fragrant as a rose in June,
Granting coyly every boon
Which I claim as rightful fee
For the heart she took from me,
Das Maedel das ich meine.

Still my thoughts turn to the maid,
As flee the deer to the forest shade;
Ever my lyre hath a single tone,
Darling, I love but thee alone;
And while her face so fair I see,
No care nor sorrow troubles me,
Das Maedel das ich meine.

LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS CARLYLE AT HOME.

The church clocks of West Lynne struck eight one lovely morning in July, and then the bells chimed out, giving token that it was Sunday.

East Lynne had changed owners, and now it was the property of Mr. Carlyle. He had bought it as it stood, furniture and all; but the transfer had been conducted with secrecy, and was suspected by none, save those engaged in the negotiations. Whether Lord Mount Severn thought it might prevent any one getting on the scent, or whether he wished to take farewell of a place he had formerly been fond of, certain it is that he craved a week or two's visit to it. Mr. Carlyle most readily [illegible] his daughter, and retinue had arrived the previous day.

West Lynne was in ecstasies. It called itself an aristocratic place, and it indulged hopes that the earl might be intending to confer permanently the light of his presence, by taking up his residence again at East Lynne. The toilettes prepared to greet his admiring eyes were prodigious, and pretty Barbara Hare was not the only young lady who had thereby to encounter the paternal storm.

Miss Carlyle was ready for church at the usual time, plainly but well dressed. As she and Archibald were leaving their house, they saw something looming up the street, flashing and gleaming in the sun. A pink parasol came first, a pink bonnet and feather came behind it, a gray brocaded dress and white gloves.

"The vain little idiot!" ejaculated Miss Carlyle. But Barbara sailed up the street toward them unconscious of the apostrophe.

"Well done, Barbara!" was the salutation of Miss Carlyle. "The justice might well call out—you are finer than a sunbeam!"

"Not half so fine as many another in the church will be to-day," responded Barbara, as she lifted her shy blue eyes and blushing face to answer the greeting of Mr. Carlyle. "West Lynne seems bent on outdressing the Lady Isabel. You should have been in at the milliner's yesterday morning, Miss Carlyle."

"Is all the finery coming out to-day?" gravely inquired Mr. Carlyle, as Barbara turned with them toward the church, and he walked by her side and his sister's, for he had an objection, almost invincible as a Frenchman's, to giving his arm to two ladies.

"Of course," replied Barbara. "First impression is everything, you know, and the earl and his daughter will be coming to church."

"Suppose she should not be in peacock's plumes," cried Miss Carlyle, with an imperturbable face.

"Oh! but she is sure to be—if you mean richly dressed," cried Barbara, hastily.

"Or, suppose they should not come to church?" laughed Mr. Carlyle. "What a disappointment to the bonnets and feathers!"

"After all, Barbara, what are they to us, or we to them?" resumed Miss Carlyle. "We may never meet. We insignificant West Lynne gentry shall not obtrude ourselves into East Lynne. It would scarcely be fitting—or be deemed so by the earl and Lady Isabel."

"That's just how papa went on," grumbled Barbara. "He caught sight of this bonnet yesterday, and when, by way of excuse, I said I had had it to call on them, he asked whether I thought the obscure West Lynne families would venture to thrust their calls on Lord Mount Severn, as though they were of the county aristocracy. It was the feather that put him out."

"It is a very long one," remarked Miss Carlyle, grimly surveying it.

Barbara was to sit in the Carlyle pew that day, for she thought the farther she was off the justice the better; there was no knowing but he might take a sly revengeful cut at the feather in the middle of service, and so dock its beauty. Scarcely were they seated when some strangers came quietly up the aisle—a gentleman who limped as he walked, with a furrowed brow and gray hair, and a young lady. Barbara looked round with eagerness, but looked away again; they could not be the expected strangers, the young lady's dress was too plain—a clear-looking [illegible] upon it, and a straw bonnet. Miss Corny might have dressed herself so on a week-day, and not have found herself too smart, but it was a pleasant dress for a hot summer's day. But the old beadle, in his many-caped coat, was walking before them sideways with his marshaling baton, and he marshaled them into the East Lynne pew, unoccupied for so many years.

"Who in the world can they be?" whispered Barbara to Miss Carlyle. "That old stupid is always making a mistake and putting people into the wrong places."

"The earl and Lady Isabel."

The color flushed into Barbara's face, and she stared at Miss Corny. "Why, she has no silks, and no feathers, and no anything!" cried Barbara. "She's plainer than anybody in the church!"

"Plainer than any of the fine ones—than you, for instance. The earl is much altered, but I should have known them both anywhere. I should have known her from her likeness to her poor mother—just the same eyes and sweet expression."

Aye, those brown eyes, so full of sweetness and melancholy; few, who had once seen, could mistake or forget them, and Barbara Hare, forgetting where she was, looked at them much that day.

"She is very lovely," thought Barbara, "and her dress is certainly that of a lady. I wish I had not had this streaming pink feather. What fine jackdaws she must deem us all!"

The earl's carriage, an open barouche, was waiting at the gate at the conclusion of the service. He handed his daughter in, and was putting his gouty foot upon the step to follow her, when he observed Mr. Carlyle. The earl turned and held out his hand. A man who could purchase East Lynne was worthy of being received as an equal, though he was but a country lawyer.

Mr. Carlyle shook hands with the earl, approached the carriage, and raised his hat to Lady Isabel. She bent forward with her pleasant smile, and put her hand into his.

"I have many things to say to you," said the earl. "I wish you would go home with us. If you have nothing better to do, be East Lynne's guest for the remainder of the day."

He smiled peculiarly as he spoke, and Mr. Carlyle echoed it. East Lynne's guest! that is what the earl was, at present. Mr. Carlyle turned aside to tell his sister.

"Cornelia, I shall not be home to dinner, I am going with Lord Mount Severn. Good-day, Barbara."

Mr. Carlyle stepped into the carriage, was followed by the earl, and it drove away. The sun shone still, but the day's brightness had gone out for Barbara Hare.

"How does he know the earl so well? How does he know Lady Isabel?" she reiterated in her astonishment.

"Archibald knows something of most people," replied Miss Corny. "He saw the earl frequently when he was in town in the spring, and Lady Isabel once or twice. What a lovely face hers is!"

Barbara made no reply. She returned home with Miss Carlyle, but her manner was as absent as her heart, and that had run away to East Lynne.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. KANE'S CONCERT.

Before Lord Mount Severn had completed the fortnight of his proposed stay, the gout came on seriously. It was impossible for him to move away from East Lynne. Mr. Carlyle assured him he was only too pleased that he should remain as long as might be convenient, and the earl expressed his acknowledgments: he hoped soon to be re-established on his legs.

But he was not. The gout came [illegible] bed, but rendering him unable to leave his rooms; and this continued till October, when he grew much better. The county families had been neighborly, calling on the invalid earl, and occasionally carrying off Lady Isabel, but his chief and constant visitor had been Mr. Carlyle. The earl had grown to like him in no common degree, and was disappointed if Mr. Carlyle spent an evening away from him, so that he became, as it were, quite domesticated with the earl and Isabel. "I am not quite equal to general society," he observed to his daughter, "and it is considerate and kind of Carlyle to come here and cheer my loneliness."

"Extremely kind," said Isabel. "I like him very much, papa."

"I don't know anybody that I like half as well," was the rejoinder of the earl.

Mr. Carlyle went up as usual the same evening, and, in the course of it, the earl asked Isabel to sing.

"I will if you wish, papa," was the reply, "but the piano is so much out of tune that it is not pleasant to sing to it. Is there nobody in West Lynne who could come here and tune my piano, Mr. Carlyle?" she added, turning to him.

"Certainly there is. Kane would do it. Shall I send him to-morrow?"

"I should be glad, if it would not be giving you too much trouble. Not that tuning will benefit it greatly, old thing that it is. Were we to be much at East Lynne, I should get papa to exchange it for a good one."

Little thought Lady Isabel that that very piano was Mr. Carlyle's, and not hers. The earl coughed, and exchanged a smile and a glance with his guest.

Mr. Kane was the organist of St. Jude's church, a man of embarrassment and sorrow, who had long had a sore fight with the world. When he arrived at East Lynne, the following day, dispatched by Mr. Carlyle, Lady Isabel happened to be playing, and she stood by and watched him begin his work. She was courteous and affable—she was so to every one—and the poor music master took courage to speak of his own affairs, and to prefer a humble request—that she and Lord Mount Severn would patronize and personally attend a concert he was about to give the following week. A scarlet blush came into his thin cheeks as he confessed that he was very poor, could scarcely live, and he was getting up this concert in his desperate need. If it succeeded—well; he then could go on again; if not, he should be turned out of his home, and his furniture sold for the two years' rent he owed—and he had seven children.

Isabel, all her sympathies awakened, sought the earl. "Oh, papa! I have to ask you the greatest favor. Will you grant it?"

"Ay, child, you don't ask them often. What is it?"

"I want you to take me to a concert at West Lynne."

The earl fell back in surprise, and stared at Isabel. "A concert at West Lynne!" he laughed. "To hear rustics scraping the fiddle. My dear Isabel!"

She poured out what she had just heard with her own comments and additions. "Seven children, papa! and if the concert does not succeed he must give up his home, and turn out into the streets with them—it is, you see, almost as a matter of life or death to him. He is very poor."

"I am poor myself," said the earl.

"I was so sorry for him when he was speaking. He kept turning red and white, and catching up his breath in agitation: it [illegible] painful to him to tell his embarrassments [illegible] as he is a gentleman."

[illegible] tickets, Isabel, and give them to the upper servants. A village concert!"

"Oh, papa, it is not—can't you see it is not? If we, you and I, will promise to be present, all the families round West Lynne will attend, and he will have the room full. They will go because we do—he said so. Make a sacrifice for once, dearest papa, and go, if it be only for an hour. I shall enjoy it if there's nothing but a fiddle and a tamborine."

"You gypsy! you are as bad as a professional beggar. There, go and tell the fellow we will look in for half an hour."

She flew back to Mr. Kane, her eyes dancing. She spoke quietly, as she always did, but her own satisfaction gladdened her voice.

"I am happy to tell you that papa has consented. He will take four tickets, and we will attend the concert."

The tears rushed into Mr. Kane's eyes; Isabel was not sure but they were in her own. He was a tall, thin, delicate-looking man, with long, white fingers, and a long neck. He faltered forth his thanks and inquiry whether he might be allowed to state openly that they would be present.

"Tell everybody," said she, eagerly; "everybody you come across, if, as you think, it will be the means of inducing people to attend. I shall tell all friends who call upon me, and ask them to go."

When Mr. Carlyle came up in the evening, the earl was temporarily absent from the room. Isabel began to speak of the concert.

"It is a hazardous venture for Mr. Kane," observed Mr. Carlyle. "I fear he will only lose money, and add to his embarrassments."

"Why do you fear that?" she asked.

"Because, Lady Isabel, nothing gets patronized at West Lynne—nothing native; and people have heard so long of poor Kane's necessities that they think little of them."

"Is he so very poor?"

"Very. He is starved half his time."

"Starved!" repeated Isabel, an expression of perplexity arising to her face as she looked at Mr. Carlyle, for she scarcely understood him. "Do you mean that he does not have enough to eat?"

"Of bread he may, but not much better nourishment. His salary, as organist, is thirty pounds, and he gets a little stray teaching. But he has his wife and children to keep, and no doubt serves them before himself. I dare say he scarcely knows what it is to taste meat."

The words brought a bitter pang to Lady Isabel.

"Not enough to eat! Never to taste meat!" And she, in her carelessness, her ignorance, her indifference—she scarcely knew what term to give it—had not thought to order him a meal in their house of plenty! He had walked from West Lynne, occupied himself an hour with her piano, and set off to walk back again, battling with his hunger. A word from her, and a repast had been set before him out of their superfluities such as he never sat down to, and that word she had not spoken.

"You are looking grave, Lady Isabel."

"I'm taking contrition to myself. Never mind, it cannot now be helped, but it will always be a dark spot on my memory."

"What is it?"

She lifted her repentant face to his, and smiled. "Never mind, I say, Mr. Carlyle; what is past cannot be recalled. He looks like a gentleman."

"Who? Kane? A gentleman bred; his father was a clergyman. Kane's ruin was his love of music—it prevented his settling to any better-paid profession; his early marriage also was a drawback, and [illegible]

"Mr. Carlyle, I would not be one of your West Lynne people for the world. Here is a poor gentleman struggling with adversity, and you won't put out your hand to help him!"

He smiled at her warmth. "Some of us will take tickets—I, for one; but I don't know about attending the concert. I fear few would do that."

"Because that's just the thing that would serve him! if one went, another would. Well, I shall try and show West Lynne that I don't take a lesson from their book; I shall be there before it begins, and never come out till the last song is over. I am not too grand to go if West Lynne is."

"You surely do not think of going!"

"I surely do think of it; and papa goes with me—I have persuaded him; and I have given Mr. Kane the promise."

Mr. Carlyle paused. "I am glad to hear it; it will be a perfect boon to Kane. If it gets abroad that Lord Mount Severn and Lady Isabel intend to do honor to the concert, there won't be standing-room."

She danced round with a little gleeful step. "What high and mighty personages Lord Mount Severn and Lady Isabel seem to be! If you had any goodness of heart, Mr. Carlyle, you would enlist yourself in the cause also."

"I think I will," he smiled.

"Papa says you hold sway at West Lynne. If you proclaim that you mean to go, you will induce others."

"I will proclaim that you do," he answered; "that will be all-sufficient. But, Lady Isabel, you must not expect much gratification from the performance."

"A tamborine will be quite enough for me; I told papa so. I sha'n't think of the music; I shall think of poor Mr. Kane. Mr. Carlyle, I know you can be kind if you like; I know you would rather be kind than otherwise—it is to be read in your face—try and do what you can for him."

"Yes, I will," he warmly answered.

Mr. Carlyle sold no end of tickets the following day, or rather caused them to be sold. He praised up the concert far and wide, and proclaimed that Lord Mount Severn and his daughter would not think of missing it. Mr. Kane's house was besieged for tickets, faster than he could write his signature in their corner; and when Mr. Carlyle went home to luncheon at mid-day, which he did not often do, he laid down two at Miss Corny's elbow.

"What's this? Concert tickets! Archibald, you have never gone and bought these?"

What would she have said had she known that the two were not the extent of his investment!

"Ten shillings to throw away upon two paltry bits of cardboard!" chafed Miss Carlyle. "You always were a noodle in money matters, Archibald, and always will be. I wish I had the keeping of your purse!"

"What I have given will not hurt me, Cornelia, and Kane is badly off. Think of his troop of children."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Corny; "I imagine he should think of them. I suppose it was his own fault they came. That's always it. Poor folks get a heap of children about them, and then ask for pity. I should say it would be more just if they asked for blame."

"Well, there the tickets are, bought and paid for, so they may as well be used. You will go with me, Cornelia."

"And stick ourselves there upon empty benches, like two geese, and sit staring and counting the candles! A pleasant evening!"

"You need not fear empty benches. The Mount Severns are going, and West Lynne is in a fever, racing after tickets. I suppose you have got a—a cap," looking at the nondescript article decorating his sister's head, "that will be suitable to go in, Cornelia; if not, you had better order one."

This suggestion put up Miss Carlyle. "Hadn't you better have your hair curled, and your coat-tails lined with white satin, and a gold opera-glass, and a cocked hat?" retorted she. "My gracious me! a fine new cap to go to their mess of a concert in, after paying ten shillings for the tickets! The world's coming to something."

Mr. Carlyle left her and her grumbling to return to the office. Lord Mount Severn's carriage was passing at the moment, and Isabel Vane was within it. She caused it to stop when she saw Mr. Carlyle, and he advanced to her.

"I have been to Mr. Kane's myself for the tickets," said she, with a beaming look. "I came into [illegible] on purpose. I [illegible] ent where he [illegible] t if the people [illegible] hey would [illegible] he will [illegible] r. Carlyle [illegible] ssed her hand, and Lady [illegible] signed to the carriage to drive on.

As Mr. Carlyle turned away, he met Otway Bethel, a nephew of Colonel Bethel's, who was tolerated in the colonel's house because he had no other home, and appeared incapable of making himself one. Some persons persisted in calling him a gentleman—as he was by birth—others a hard case. The two are united sometimes. He was dressed in a valveteen suit, and had a gun in his hand. Indeed, he was rarely seen without a gun, being inordinately fond of sport; but, if all tales whispered were true, he supplied himself with game in other ways than by shooting, which had the credit of going up to Lon[illegible] near upon it, he had been away from West Lynne.

"Why, where have you been hiding yourself?" exclaimed Mr. Carlyle. "The colonel has been inconsolable."

"Come, no gammon, Carlyle. I have been on the tramp through France and Germany. Man likes a change sometimes. As to the revered colonel, he would not be inconsolable if he saw me nailed up in a six-foot box, and carried out feet foremost."

"Bethel, I have a question to ask you," continued Mr. Carlyle, dropping his light manner and his voice together. "Take your thoughts back to the night of Hallijohn's murder."

"I wish you may get it," cried Mr. Bethel. "The reminiscence is not attractive."

"You'll do it," quietly said Mr. Carlyle. "It has been told to me, though it did not appear at the inquest, that Richard Hare held a conversation with you in the wood a few minutes after the deed was done. Now—"

"Who told that?" interrupted Bethel.

"That is not the question. My authority is indisputable."

"It is true that he did. I said nothing about it, for I did not want to make the case worse against Dick Hare than it already was. He certainly did accost me, like a man flurried out of his life."

"Asking if you had seen a certain lover of Afy's fly from the cottage. One Thorn."

"That was the purport. Thorn, Thorn—I think Thorn was the name he mentioned. My opinion was, that Dick was either wild or acting a part."

"Now, Bethel, I want you to answer me truly. The question cannot affect you either way, but I must know whether you did see this Thorn leave the cottage."

Bethel shook his head.

"I know nothing whatever about any Thorn, and I saw nobody but Dick Hare. Not but that a dozen Thorns might have ran from the cottage without my seeing them."

"You heard the shot fired?"

"Yes; but I never gave a thought to mischief. I knew Locksley was in the wood, and supposed it came from him. I ran across the path, bearing toward the cottage, and struck into the wood on the other side. By and by, Dick Hare pitched upon me, like one startled out of his seven senses, and asked if I had seen Thorn leave the cottage. Thorn—that was the name."

"And you had not?"

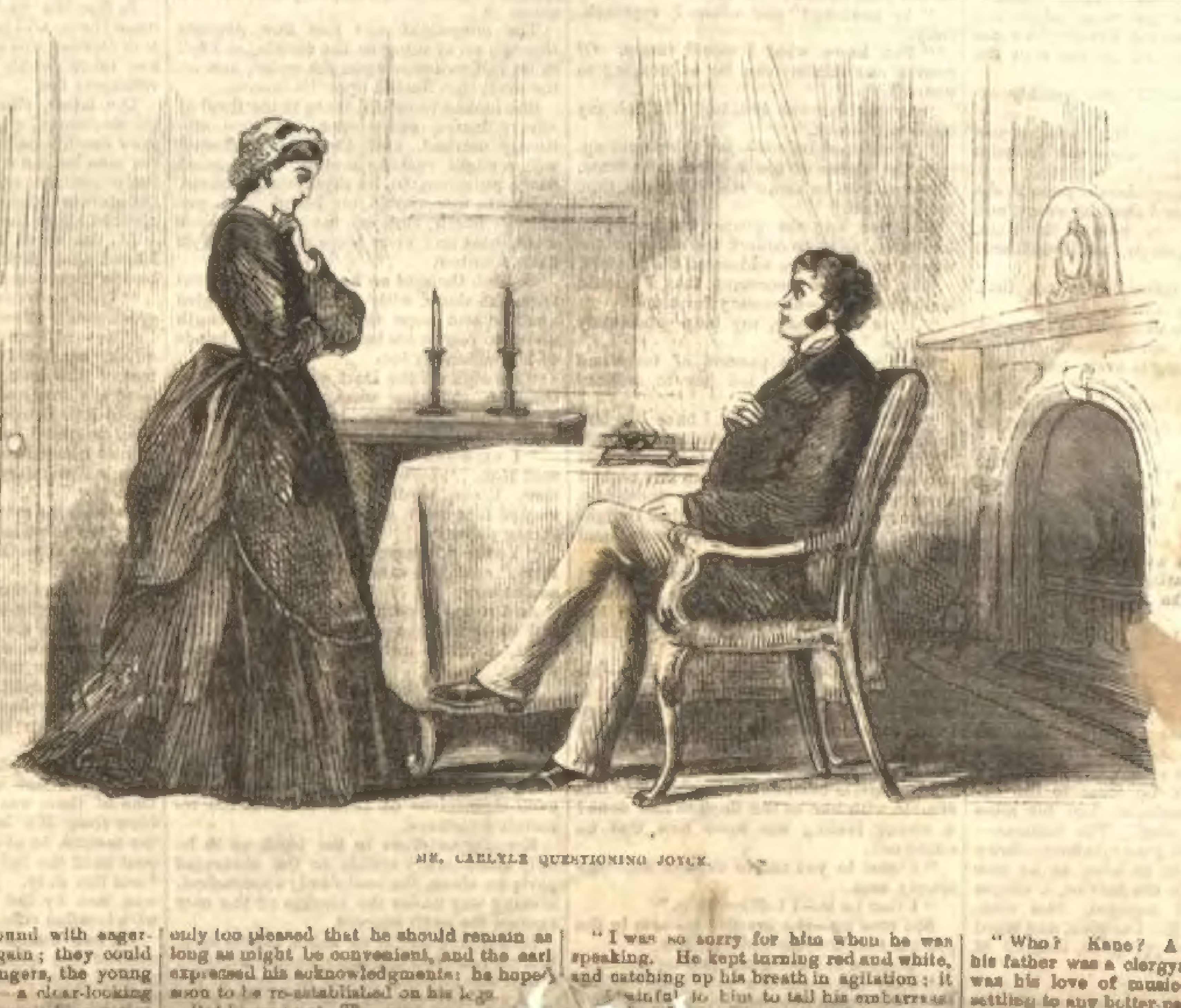
"I had seen nobody but Dick, excepting Locksley. My impression was, that nobody else was about; I think so still."

"But Richard—"

"Now look you here, Carlyle, I won't do Dick Hare an injury, even by a single word, if I can help it; and it is of no use setting me on to it."

"I should be the last to set you on to injure any one, especially Richard Hare," rejoined Mr. Carlyle; "and my motive is to do Richard Hare good, not harm. I hold suspicion, no matter whence gathered, that it was not Richard Hare who committed the murder, but another. Can you throw any light upon the subject."

"No, I can't. I have always thought poor wavering Dick was nobody's enemy but his own; but as to throwing any light upon that night's work, I can't do it. Cords should not have dragged me to the



MR. CARLYLE QUESTIONING JOYCE.

inquest to give evidence against Dick, and for that reason I was glad Locksley never let out that I was on the spot. How the deuce it got about afterward that I was, I can't tell; but that was no matter; my evidence did not help on the verdict. And talking of that, Carlyle, how has it come to your knowledge that Richard Hare accosted me? I have not opened my lips upon it to mortal man."

"It is of no consequence how," repeated Mr. Carlyle; "I do know it, and that is sufficient. I was in hopes you had really seen this Thorn leave the cottage."

Otway Bethel shook his head. "I should not lay too much stress upon any Thorn's having been there, were I you, Carlyle. Dick Hare was as one crazy that night, and might see shapes and forms where there were none."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SONG AND THE DIRGE.

The concert was to take place on a Thursday, and on the following Saturday Lord Mount Severn intended finally to quit East Lynne. The necessary preparations for departure were in progress, but when Thursday morning dawned, it appeared a question whether they would not once more be rendered nugatory. The house was roused betimes, and Mr. Wainwright, the surgeon from West Lynne, summoned to the earl's bedside; he had experienced another and a violent attack. The peer was exceedingly annoyed and vexed, and very irritable.

"I may be kept here a week—a month—a fortnight—a month longer, now!" he uttered fretfully to Isabel.

"I am very sorry, papa. I dare say you do find East Lynne dull."

"Dull! that's not it; I have other reasons for wishing East Lynne to be quit of us. And now you can't go to this fine concert."

Isabel's face flushed. "Not go, papa?"

"Why, who is to take you? I can't get out of bed."

"Oh, papa, I must be there. Otherwise, it would look almost as though—as though we had announced what we did not mean to perform. You know it was arranged that we should join the Ducies; the carriage can still take me to the concert-room, and I can go in with them."

"Just as you please. I thought you would have jumped at any plea for staying away."

"Not at all," laughed Isabel. "I should like West Lynne to see that I don't despise Mr. Kane and his concert."

Later in the day, the earl grew alarmingly worse; his paroxysms of pain were awful. Isabel, who was kept from the room, knew nothing of the danger, and the earl's groans did not penetrate to her ears. She dressed herself in a gleeful mood, full of laughing willfulness, Marvel, her maid, superintending in stiff displeasure, for the attire chosen did not meet her approbation. When ready, she went into the earl's room.

"Shall I do, papa?"

Lord Mount Severn raised his swollen eyelids and drew the clothes from his flushed face. A shining vision was standing before him, a beauteous queen, a gleaming fairy; he hardly knew what she looked like. She had put on a white lace hat and her diamonds; the dress was rich, and the jewels gleamed from her hair, from her pretty neck, from her delicate arms; and her cheeks were flushed and her curls were flowing.

The earl stared at her in amazement.

"How could you dress yourself off like that for a concert? You are out of your senses, Isabel."

"Marvel thinks so too," was the gay answer; "she has had a cross face since I told her what to put on. But I did it on purpose, papa; I thought I would show those West Lynne people that I think the [illegible] and worth dressing for."

"You will have the whole room gaping at you."

"I don't mind. I'll bring you word all about it. Let them gape."

"You vain child! You have so dressed yourself to please your vanity. But Isabel, you—ooooh!"

Isabel started as she stood; the earl's groan of pain was dreadful.

"An awful twinge, child. There, go along; talking makes me worse."

"Papa, shall I stay at home with you?" she gravely asked. "Every consideration should give way to illness. If you would like me to remain, or if I can do any good, pray let me."

"Quite the contrary: I had rather you were away. You can do no earthly good, for I could not have you in the room. Good-bye, darling. If you see Carlyle, tell him I shall hope to see him to-morrow."

The room was pretty full when Mrs. Ducie, her two daughters, and Isabel entered, and were conducted to seats by Mr. Kane—seats he had reserved for them at the upper end, near the orchestra. The same dazzling vision which had burst on the sight of Lord Mount Severn fell on that of the audience, in Isabel, with her rich white dress, her glittering diamonds, her flowing curls, and her wondrous beauty. The Miss Ducies, plain girls, in brown silks, turned up their noses worse than nature had done it for them, and Mrs. Ducie heaved an audible sigh.

"The poor motherless girl is to be pitied, my dears," she whispered; "she has nobody to point out to her suitable attire. This ridiculous decking out must have been Marvel's doings."

But she looked like a lily among poppies and sunflowers, whether the "decking out" was ridiculous or not. Was Lord Mount Severn right, when he accused her of dressing so in self-gratification? Very likely, for has not the great preacher said that childhood and youth are vanity?

Miss Carlyle, the justice, and Barbara also had seats near the orchestra; for Miss Carlyle, in West Lynne was a person to be considered, and not hidden behind others. Mr. Carlyle, however, preferred to join the gentlemen who congregated and stood round about the door, inside and out. There was scarcely standing room in the place; Mr. Kane had, as was anticipated got a bumper, and the poor man could have worshipped Lady Isabel, for he knew he owed it to her.

It was very long—country concerts generally are—and was about three parts over, when a powdered head, larger than any cauliflower ever grown, was discerned ascending the stairs behind the group of gentlemen; which head, when it brought its body in full view, was discovered to belong to one of the footmen of Lord Mount Severn. The calves alone, cased in their silk stockings, were a sight to be seen; and these calves betook themselves inside the concert-room, with a deprecatory bow for permission to the gentlemen that they had to steer through—and there they came to a stand-still, the cauliflower extending forward, and turning itself about from right to left.

"Well, I'll be jiffied!" cried an astonished fox-hunter, who had been elbowed by the footman; "the cheek these fellows have!"

The fellow in question did not appear, however, to be enjoying any great amount of cheek just at that moment, for he looked perplexed, humble, and uneasy. Suddenly his eye fell on Mr. Carlyle, and it lightened up.

"Beg pardon, sir; could you happen to inform me whereabouts my young lady is sitting?"

"At the other end of the room, near the orchestra."

"I'm sure I don't know how ever I am to get to her, then," returned the man, more in self-soliloquy than to Mr. Carlyle. "The room is choke full, and I don't like crushing by. My lord is taken alarmingly worse, sir," he explained in an awe-struck tone, "it is feared he is dying."

Mr. Carlyle was painfully startled.

"His screams of pain were awful, sir. Wainwright and another doctor from West Lynne are with him, and an express has gone to Lynneboro' for physicians. Mrs. Mason said we were to fetch our young lady right home, and not lose a moment; and we brought the carriage, sir, Wells galloping his horses all the way."

"I will bring Lady Isabel," said Mr. Carlyle.

"I am sure, sir, I should be under everlasting obligation if you would," returned the man.

He worked his way through the crowded room, he was tall and slender, many looking daggers at him; for a pathetic song was just then being given by the London lady. He disregarded all, and stood before Isabel.

"I thought you were not coming to speak to me to-night. Is it not a famous room? I am so pleased!"

"More than famous. Lady Isabel," choosing his words, that they might not alarm her, "Lord Mount Severn does not find himself so well, and he has sent the carriage for you."

"Papa not so well!" she quickly exclaimed.

"Not quite. At any rate, he wishes you to go home. Will you allow me to pilot you through the room?"

"Oh, my dear, considerate papa!" she laughed. "He fears I shall be weary, and would emancipate me before the time. Thank you, Mr. Carlyle, but I will wait till the conclusion."

"No, no, Lady Isabel, it is not that. Lord Mount Severn is indeed worse."

Her countenance changed to seriousness; but she was not alarmed. "Very well. When this song is over—not to disturb the room."

"I think you had better lose no time," he urged. "Never mind the song and the room."

She rose instantly, and put her arm within Mr. Carlyle's. A hasty word of explanation to Mrs. Ducie, and he led her away; the room, in its surprise, making for them what space it might. Many an eye followed them, but none more curiously and eagerly than Barbara Hare's. "Where is he going to take her?" involuntarily uttered Barbara.

"How should I know?" returned Miss Corny. "Barbara, you have done nothing but fidget all the night; what's the matter with you? Folks come to a concert to listen, not to talk and fidget."

Isabel's mantle was procured from the ante-room where it had been left, and she descended the stairs with Mr. Carlyle. The carriage was drawn up close to the entrance, and the coachman had his reins gathered, ready to start. The footman—not the one who had gone up-stairs—threw open the chariot door as soon as he saw her. He was new in the service, a simple country native, just engaged. She withdrew her arm from Mr. Carlyle's, and stood a moment before stepping in, looking at the man.

"Is papa much worse?"

"Oh, yes, my lady, he was screaming shocking. But they think he'll live till [illegible]

With a sharp cry she seized the arm of Mr. Carlyle—seized it for support in her shock of agony. Mr. Carlyle rudely thrust the man away; he could willingly have flung him at full length on the pavement.

"Oh, Mr. Carlyle, why did you not tell me?" she shivered.

"My dear Lady Isabel, I am grieved that you are told now. But take comfort; you know how ill he frequently is, and this may be but an ordinary attack. Step in. I trust we shall find it nothing more."

"Are you going home with me?"

"Certainly; I shall not leave you to go alone."

She moved to the other side of the chariot, making room for him.

"Thank you. I will sit outside."

"But the night is cold."

"Oh, no." He closed the door, and took his seat by the coachman; the footman got up behind, and the carriage sped away. Isabel gathered herself into her corner, and moaned aloud in her suspense and helplessness.

The coachman drove rapidly, and soon whipped his horses through the lodge-gates.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Mason, waited at the hall door to receive Lady Isabel. Mr. Carlyle helped her out of the carriage, and gave her his arm up the steps. She scarcely dared to inquire.

"Is he better? May I go to his room?" she panted.

Yes, the earl was better—better, in so far as that he was quiet and senseless. She moved hastily toward his chamber. Mr. Carlyle drew the housekeeper aside.

"Is there any hope?"

"Not the slightest, sir. He is dying."

The earl knew no one; pain was gone for the present, and he lay on his bed, calm; but his face, which had death in it all too plainly, startled Isabel. She did not scream or cry; she was perfectly quiet, save that she had a fit of shivering.

"Will he soon be better?" she whispered to Mr. Wainwright, who stood there.

The surgeon coughed.

"Well, he—he—we must hope it, my lady."

"But why does his face look like that? It is pale—gray; I never saw anybody else look so."

"He has been in great pain, my lady—and pain leaves its traces on the countenance."

Mr. Carlyle, who had come in, and was standing by the surgeon, touched his arm, to draw him from the room. He noticed the look on the earl's face, and did not like it; he wished to question the surgeon. Lady Isabel saw that Mr. Carlyle was about to quit the room, and beckoned to him.

"Do not leave the house, Mr. Carlyle. When he wakes up, it may cheer him to see you here: he liked you very much."

"I will not leave it, Lady Isabel. I did not think of doing so."

In time—it seemed an age—the medical men arrived from Lynneborough—three of them—the groom had thought he could not summon too many. It was a strange scene they entered upon; the ghastly peer, growing restless again now, battling with his departing spirit, and the gala robes, the sparkling gems adorning the young girl watching at his side. They comprehended the case without difficulty; that she had been suddenly called from some scene of gayety.

They stooped to look at the earl, and felt his pulse, and touched his heart, and exchanged a few murmured words with Mr. Wainwright. Isabel had stood back to give them place, but her anxious eyes followed their every movement. They did not seem to notice her, and she stepped forward.

"Can you do anything for him? Will he recover?"

They all turned at the address, and looked at her. One spoke; it was an evasive answer.

"Tell me the truth!" she implored, with feverish impatience; "you must not trifle with me. Do you not know me? I am his only child, and I am here alone."

The first thing was to get her away from the room, for the great change was approaching, and the parting struggle between the body and the spirit might be one of warfare—no sight for her. But in answer to their suggestions that she should go, she only leaned her head upon the pillow by her father, and moaned in despair.

"She must be got out of the room," cried one of the physicians, almost angrily. "Ma'am," turning suddenly upon Mrs. Mason, "are there no relatives in the house—no one who can exert influence over the young lady?"

"She has scarcely any relatives in the world," replied the housekeeper; "no near ones; and we happen to be, just now, quite alone."

But Mr. Carlyle, seeing the urgency of the case, for the earl, with every minute, grew more excited, approached and whispered her: "You are as anxious as we can be for your father's recovery?"

"As anxious!" she uttered, reproachfully.

"You know what I would imply. Of course our anxiety can be as nothing to yours."

"As nothing—as nothing. I think my heart will break."

"Then—forgive me—you should not oppose the wishes of his medical attendants. They wish to be alone with him, and time is being lost."

She rose up; she placed her hands on her brow, as if to collect the sense of the words, and then she addressed the doctors.

"Is it really necessary that I should leave the room—necessary for him?"

"It is necessary, my lady—absolutely essential."

She broke into a passion of tears and sobs as Mr. Carlyle led her to another apartment.

"He is my dear father; I have but him in the wide world," she exclaimed.

"I know—I know; I feel for you all that you are feeling. Twenty times this night I have wished—forgive me the thought—that you were my sister, so that I might express my sympathy more freely, and comfort you."

"Tell me the truth, then, why I am kept away. If you can show me a sufficient cause, I will be reasonable and obey; but do not say again I should be disturbing him, for it is not true."

"He is too ill for you to see him—his symptoms are too painful. In fact, it would not be proper; and were you to go in, in defiance of advice, you would regret it all your after life."

"Is he dying?"

Mr. Carlyle hesitated. Ought he to dissemble with her as the doctors had done? A strong feeling was upon him that he ought not.

"I trust to you not to deceive me," she simply said.

"I fear he is—I believe he is."

She rose up—she grasped his arm in the sudden fear that flashed over her.

"You are deceiving me, and he is dead!"

"I am not deceiving you, Lady Isabel. He [illegible], but—it may be very near [illegible] face [illegible]

"Going forever from me! going forever? Oh, Mr. Carlyle, let me see him for a minute—just one farewell! Will you not try for me?"

He knew how hopeless it was, but he turned to leave the room.

"I will go and see. But you will remain here quietly—you will not come."

She bowed her head in acquiescence, and he closed the door. Had she indeed been his sister, he would probably have turned the key upon her. He entered the earl's chamber, but not many seconds did he remain in it.

"It is over," he whispered to Mrs. Mason, whom he met in the corridor, "and Mr. Wainwright is asking for you."

"You are soon back," cried Isabel, lifting her head. "May I go?"

He sat down and took her hand, shrinking from his task.

"I wish I could comfort you!" he exclaimed, in a tone of deep emotion.

Her face turned of a ghastly whiteness—as white as another's not far away.

"Tell me the worst," she breathed.

"I have nothing to tell you but the worst. May God support you, dear Lady Isabel!"

She turned to hide her face and its misery from him, and a low wail of anguish broke from her, telling its own tale of despair.

The gray dawn of morning was breaking over the world, advent of another bustling day in life's history; but the spirit of William Vane, Earl of Mount Severn, had soared away from it forever.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By JAMES C. MOFFAT, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary in Princeton. Part II. Later Scriptures, Progress, and Revolutions of Faith. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

GOLD AND DROSS. By EDWARD GARRETT, author of "Crooked Places," "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE DETHRONED HEIRESS. By MISS ELIZA A. DUPUY. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

ONLY TEMPER. A novel. By MRS. C. J. NEWBY, author of "Kate Kennedy," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

MARRIED. A novel. By MRS. C. J. NEWBY. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY, or the Art of Writing by Sound; being a complete system of phonetic shorthand, adapted to verbatim reporting. Published by T. W. Evans, Philada.

THE HALF YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES; being a Digest of British and Continental Medicine, and of the Progress of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences. Edited by WILLIAM DOMETT STONE, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Exam.) July-December, 1873. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

DAVY CROCKETT ON THE TRACK;

OR,

The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN [illegible]'S PLOW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE YACHT BOARDED.

We left Rob and his companions traversing the forest in search of the vessel that had borne away that which he loved best on earth.

Yet at that very moment, had he but dreamed it, she he sought was traversing the same forest, not far from his line of march, a fearful, timid fawn, trembling at the unaccustomed dangers of her situation.

Some of the party were thoroughly acquainted with this portion of the woodland, and led the way directly, aided by the faint light, toward the spot described as the anchoring ground of the yacht.

Their sturdy limbs soon bore them over the intervening space, and they more slowly and cautiously approached the shore, at the point where they hoped to find the vessel.

The last screen of bushes was passed, and they stood on the river's edge, in a row of noble trees that threw a thick gloom upon their position.

There she lay sure enough, riding at anchor within a hundred yards of the shore.

The moonlight was just now pouring through an opening in the clouds, and fell in its full radiance upon the water, and on the craft that floated upon its bosom.

She looked beautiful there in the flood of silvery lustre, every spar and rope distinctly marked, and the whole affected with a slight rocking motion, that seemed like a pulsation in its rhythmic evenness.

No life was visible on board. All was still as death, and, so far as appearance went, boat and crew were alike buried in deep slumber.

So Rob thought as he stood looking out from the shore, with a feeling of mingled anxiety and hope that he was at length about to rescue his beloved from the hands of his villainous foe.

"No sign of the Dart yet," said one of the men, in a low tone. "But she's got wind and tide both to make headway against, and it will be slow work."

"I expected we would get here first," said Rob. "I would give much for a boat now. I can hardly bear to wait to get aboard that craft, and to rescue their suffering prisoner."

"You'll not have to wait long for the Dart," said the other. "See! there she comes now."

And round a point to the south a white sail emerged, like a ghost in the moonlight, moving swiftly over the silvered waters.

Hardly had they seen it, however, before the sail was lowered, and the boat almost disappeared.

The crew of the Dart had evidently caught sight of the yacht, and fearing to be seen in their turn, had preferred to avail themselves of their oars for the remaining distance.

Keeping so close to the bank as to be only occasionally visible to the observant party on shore, the boat slowly approached, making way under the strokes of the oars against the swift current.

By keeping so far in shore the force of this current was in great measure avoided, and it was not long before the prow of the [illegible] was seen creeping round a low point [illegible] and fast south of them, and gliding over the intervening water.

The rowers now caught sight of their friends on shore, and in obedience to a signal from Rob rowed toward them. Their progress now was very slow and careful, the oars being moved with great deliberation, so as to avoid any dangerous sound.

In a few minutes she came close alongside of the low bank on which they stood, and one of the crew sprang ashore with a line.

"All right?" he asked, in a suppressed tone.

"She's a-waiting for us," was the answer. "Yonder she lies, fast asleep."

"We will go off at once," said Rob to the owner of the Dart. "If they have any man on the watch he must have dropped asleep, or he would have seen you coming. This moon is too bright for my liking."

"There's a cloud there will snuff it out in a minute," was the reply. "We can go out under shadow."

"We will need to go very quietly. We have their ears as well as their eyes to guard against."

"I've got the row-locks muffled. The Dart won't make noise enough to waken a baby. I've got a cockle-shell of a boat astern there that I picked up adrift down the river. Two or three of the party had best take that and row for the far side, and I'll strike the near side with the Dart. It will be a regular surprise."

"Very good," answered Rob. "I will take Tom and another, and row out in a circle, so as to pass them below. You can follow when I have had a fair start."

His plan was acted on without delay. The small boat, in which Maggie had made her escape, was soon shooting out over the silent stream, shadowed now by the cloud that veiled the moon.

Had Rob but known who had been the last occupant of the boat which, with muffled oars, he now pulled swiftly through the water, his nerves would have been less steady, and his course would have been laid in an opposite direction to that he now pursued.

But, all unaware of the fact that she he loved was daring alone the perils of the forest, and sure in his mind that he was on the point of rescuing her from her foes, he was almost happy in the near approach of that for which he had struggled so long and so futilely.

He passed the stern of the yacht about twenty feet to the south, and now with a word to Tom, their small craft was headed up stream, and commenced a slow and careful progress toward their goal.

The Dart had now left the shore and was cutting the water in a direct line for the vessel. Her oars worked almost noiselessly. No sound from them came to the ears of their fellow-oarsmen. Yet she sped over the liquid element with considerable rapidity.

But they were not destined to a continuance of the favoring gloom. The cloud which had hidden the moon sailed from its inocent surface, and its full beams fell on the boat, revealing her almost as in the lustre of midday.

"Who goes there?" rang a loud, startled voice from the deck of the yacht, as a tall figure appeared in view.

"Friends," was the answer, as the rowers bent sturdily to their oars, nearly doubling the speed of the skiff.

"Friends, hey! Turn your bow, blast you, or I'll treat you to a bullet."

No answer came from the Dart, but she continued to approach the vessel.

The speaker was as good as his word. The sharp crack of a rifle was heard, followed by a cry of pain from the boat.

Almost instantly the shot was returned from the Dart, but the sentinel had disappeared.

But a short distance now intervened, and the oars bent and quivered in the hands of the rowers, as they gave all the force of their arms to the stroke.

But the crew of the yacht seemed to have sprung from their lassitude into sudden activity. The chain rattled as it slipped through the hawse-hole and plunged into water. It had been loosened from its fastenings, and the yacht was no longer at anchor.

Simultaneously the sail glided up the mast, impelled by the strong arms of Tom Gillespie, who tugged at the ropes in full view of those on board the boat.

A rifle-ball whizzed close by his head, but he worked on as if he had not heard it. Ere another shot could be fired the sail was fully spread, and he was hidden behind the low bulwark.

It instantly filled and the vessel turned its bow down stream, and moved out with a quickly increasing speed, just avoiding the Dart, which shot past closely under her stern. A scornful laugh from the deck greeted the baffled rowers, and the dark face of Gillespie looked mockingly down upon them.

But the villainous crew had not provided for all contingencies. They had been so occupied by the Dart as to fail to see the smaller boat, now but a short distance in their front.

In fact the yacht drifted directly down upon them, and in a moment, rifle in hand, Rob Gordon was again upon her deck, and had taken deadly aim at the form of his villainous foe.

The latter, startled by the sharp cry of the steersman, quickly turned, and his face grew deathly pallid as he saw the form of the man he had wronged, clearly defined in the moonlight and with an expression of the sternest resolution on his face as he glanced along the sights of his rifle.

At the same moment two other men leaped upon deck and stationed themselves beside their comrade.

"Yield yourself prisoner, or by all that's good, you're a dead man," cried Rob sternly.

"Never!" cried the villain. With a quick, unlooked-for leap he cleared ten feet of the deck, and rushed fiercely toward his foe, heedless of the rifle.

But Rob Gordon was not the man to fire at an unarmed enemy. Dropping his rifle he met him midway in his swift career, and in an instant they were grappled in deadly fray.

At the same moment Tom sprang forward and drew the edge of a keen-bladed knife across the rope that held the sail in position.

Down came the extended sail on the run, burying the combatants in its loose folds.

Fierce was the threshing and wrestling under the enveloping canvas, and it was impossible to tell what was occurring beneath this shroud. The voices of the combatants were heard in short, stern cries, and even their hard breathings were audible.

The two companions of Gillespie on the yacht were not able to aid their friend. One of them was put hors-de-combat by a blow from the butt of Tom's rifle, while the second, he at the helm, had kept to his post until the fall of the sail relieved him from this duty. He now ran forward, but was met by the third of their assailants with levelled rifle.

He was unarmed, and lacked the boldness of the principal villain. In consequence he at once yielded himself up prisoner.

The Dart had instantly turned on [illegible] the yacht, and was shooting swiftly down stream in her track, when the fall of the sail diminished her growing speed.

In a minute she grazed the side of her foe, and her crew swarmed eagerly upon the deck of the vessel by which they had been so long baffled.

The struggling combatants had now released themselves from the blinding folds of the canvas, and rolled out upon the open deck, clasped in each other's arms, and each making the most strenuous efforts to obtain the advantage.

Several of the new comers ran forward to aid Rob, but a loud, fierce cry from him sent them back. He had his deadly foe in his grasp, and wanted no aid.

The dark glance of Gillespie noted the fact that he was surrounded by enemies, but in seeming heedlessness of this fact he continued to struggle.

They were now near the side of the deck, the low bulwark only keeping them from plunging into the stream.

The others could no longer be restrained from interfering. Several hands grasped the combatants, and lifted them to their feet, seeking to confine the muscular limbs of Rob's antagonist.

This interference only served to break the hold of the combatants upon each other, and gave Gillespie the opportunity to strike a fierce blow at Rob's face. He leaped back to avoid this, and in the next instant his antagonist had broken from the arms that held him, and plunged headlong over the side into the river.

He sank out of sight, and only reappeared after the lapse of nearly a minute, some twenty feet down the stream. He dove again and continued his progress under the water.

Several of the men rushed to the boat to pursue him. But Rob had lost all interest in the subject. A harsh comment upon their interference and its result, was all that passed his lips. With quick feet, and a trembling but glad heart, as the thought of his rescued love crossed his mind, he sought the cabin, and sprang with one bound down the steps to its floor.

But a deadly fear came upon him as he saw at a glance that it was empty.

In a moment he had searched its every lurking-place, but without effect, and there was an agony in his voice, and an unwonted weakness in his limbs, as he called up to the others to search the yacht, that the cabin was empty.

A thorough search was at once made, but it was fruitless. Maggie Campbell was nowhere on board.

Only the strength of a resolute will prevented the agonized lover from relieving with womanly tears the gush of painful emotion that filled his soul at this discovery.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CAPTURE.

Ned Gordon moved on somewhat blindly. The sounds he had followed were no longer audible. Sight was of no avail in his search. His only hope was that he was going in the same direction as those whom he pursued, and might again come within hearing of them.

He had not gone far, however, before he became convinced that he was not on their track. They could not have had much the start of him, and burdened with a prisoner, as they were, he must have overtaken them at his present speed. He must either give up the chase, or make a doubtful effort in another course.

The latter he decided to do. It struck him that they would probably diverge toward the river, as presenting fewer obstacles to their movement, the wood being more open in that direction.

He accordingly turned toward the stream, moving diagonally, so as to intercept any one moving toward Brownstown, which he conjectured might be their destination.

For a mile or two he walked on through the dimly-lighted woods, without sound or sight to reward his efforts at discovery. He was nearly ready to give up the fruitless search and return to his companions—if he could find them in the pathless forest at this hour of the night—when a sound different from those native to the wood met his ears.

It was that peculiar cracking of a dried stick, which is an almost infallible sign of the tread of a human foot. He quickly drew back behind a tree, and looked eagerly out to see who had made this unintended signal.

He had not long to wait. A tall, large figure moved across his line of vision, about thirty paces distant, and disappeared in the woods ahead.

Stepping cautiously out from behind his tree, Gordon followed this individual, at such a distance as barely to keep him in sight, and stepping with that care practiced by the savage aborigines, so as to avoid any warning sound.

The other went hastily and heedlessly onward, moving in fact with such speed as if he dreaded pursuit. Who he was, Gordon could not guess. He had no good reason to believe that he belonged to the party of whom he was in search. Yet his presence in the forest at that hour, and in proximity to this doubtful party, and the manner of his progress, united in convincing his pursuer that he did not belong to the class of honest men.

Gordon determined to continue the pursuit. He had lost the track of those whom he had previously followed. Might not this man lead him to their hiding place, or otherwise aid him in his investigation?

The fugitive kept a direct course, at no great distance back from the river line, though his pursuer was too ignorant of the location to more than approximately guess his position.

The progress was rapid, and it was no easy matter to step with the necessary caution, and, at the same time, keep pace with the man pursued.

They at length reached the limit of continual forest in this direction. Some small clearings appeared, square blocks of tilled land cut out of the woods.

Farther on the farming land became more continuous, the houses aspiring beyond the hut-like condition of those already passed.

They were now in a narrow lane running between the separate farms. Sleepless hounds burst into fits of barking as they went by, but evidently the stranger took all these voices of civilization as addressed to himself, and failed to look behind him.

Had he done so he would have seen nothing alarming. His pursuer kept fully within the shadow of the fringe of high bushes which lined the lane, and avoided the moonlight that fell strongly in its centre.

They were rapidly approaching Brownstown, the only town of any importance in that neighborhood. The pursuer, poorly acquainted as he was with the locality, began to recognize some features noticed in his former visit.

In a few minutes more they were within the limits of the town. It was now mostly wrapped in slumber, only a few of the houses displaying any evidence of life. The tavern, however, which they passed close by, was well lit, and in full blast, judging by the sounds that issued from its open door.

Gordon thought for a moment that the [illegible] just place of entertainment. But the latter crossed to the other side of the narrow street, and went on under shadow of the houses.

The distance between them was now much diminished. Gordon had hastened his steps after entering the town, till now but a few paces divided them. In the streets of the town such proximity of two wayfarers could not be deemed suspicious. Yet the pursuer kept off the board walk, and trod silently upon the soft earth beside it, so as to avoid notice as long as possible.

They had not proceeded far up the main street ere the fugitive turned sharply into a narrow avenue that ran at right angles to it. When Gordon reached the corner of this latter he saw the stranger standing at the door of a house a few paces down the street, at whose door he had just knocked.

The knock had to be repeated ere the door was opened, and was given in a peculiar manner, as if it were a pre-arranged signal.

In a minute more the door was partly opened, and a person appeared bearing a light, whose gleam shone full in the face of the stranger.

Gordon started at this sudden revelation. He instantly recognized the face as that of the man he had met in the cave under the name of Gillespie, and whom he knew to have been the abductor of Maggie Campbell.

The gleam of the light revealed another circumstance to him. The man's clothes were wet, dripping in fact, as though he had been plunged beneath the water.

Another moment and the door of the house was closed upon him. Gordon approached and noted the appearance of the house. It was not specially different from the other habitations of the town. Simply a frame house, whose boards were not much removed from their primitive condition of logs, large enough to contain three or four rooms, and with a low-roofed second story.

He was satisfied that he had done a good night's work, in thus tracing one of the principal villains to his den, though rather disappointed in having failed in the main object of his midnight scout.

There was no use to return to the forest again at that hour. Though he had been a good woodsman in his youth, and had not lost all his old knowledge of the craft, it would be impossible for him to find the distant camp-fire he had left, except by some improbable chance.

Besides there was no special need of his presence there, and he determined to proceed to the tavern, spend the night there under the auspices of civilization, and return to the woods at the first gleam of morning light.

First carefully noting the position of the house within whose portal Gillespie had disappeared, he returned leisurely to the Blue Boat Inn, cogitating on the stirring events which had occurred in the few days since he had last left its doors.

There were but a half dozen men inside the bar room, but they were noisy enough for a dozen. One group of four were congregated about a small table, singing and talking at the top of their voices, plainly much the worse for the liquor they had imbibed.

Two others sat at another table, quietly talking, and dressed in a more respectable manner than marked the usual customers of the place.

These men looked up as Gordon entered, with a sudden movement as of surprise, and an exchange of meaning looks. They bent over the table and some low words passed between them.

Heedless of the occupants of the room, the new-comer had advanced to the bar, and commenced a conversation with the bar-tender upon the subject of accommodations for the night.

The two men rose and approached him from behind.

"Certainly I can give you a room," said the bar-tender. "And a night-cap too," he continued, as he set out a glass and a flask of liquor with that peculiar fling which only old members of the craft can perform.

"Thank you, I don't feel just now like indulging," said Gordon, turning away from the bar to encounter the looks of the two men who stood behind him.

"I am happy to meet you, Edward Gordon," said one of these, in a firm, assured tone.

Gordon started and looked closely in his face at these unexpected words.

"You have rather the advantage of me," he said.

"Exactly so, sir. And that is just what we have been trying to get for the last week."

"Who are you?" asked Gordon, not knowing what to make of this address, but an inkling of the truth beginning to dawn upon him.

"We are two members of the police force of Louisville, in which city you are badly wanted, and we have taken the trouble to come down here to invite you to return."

"For what purpose?" asked Gordon, setting his back against the bar and looking the man squarely in the face.

"To answer the charge from which you ran away, of the theft of a bag of gold from the bank with which you were connected. As you seem to be ignorant of the fact I have no objection to enlighten you on this point."

The drunken men had ceased their noise, and were listening with tipsy gravity to this conversation.

"But, my dear sir, you may not be aware that I am here on the same errand as yourself, and with better luck. I know, if I could only have made the bank officers believe me, exactly who took that money. I have traced them here, and have recovered the money. Of all this I have the best of proof."

"That cock won't crow," said the officer derisively. "We have no doubt at all but what you have the money. And we are right sure that we have got you. You slipped through our fingers the other night, you won't again. Have you got the irons ready, Bill?"

"Yes," replied the other, displaying a pair of handcuffs.

"Just clap them on this gentleman then. It will be time enough to hear his proofs when we get him in safe quarters."

Gordon measured him with his eye, as if inclined to try conclusions with him. The other drew a pistol from his pocket and coolly cocked it.

"Come, sir," he said, "you're fairly cornered, and you may as well give up quietly. We are not the men to stand any fooling."

"Nor I the man to stand being put in irons," said Gordon, decisively. "I do not intend to resist you," he continued, as he saw the four tipsy men advance, as if with the intention of aiding the officers. "I will remain with you under any guard you please, until I have time to present the proofs of which I speak. I promise to give them at an early hour to-morrow."

"That's a game that's been tried on me several times before," said the officer. "But it's lucky I had my eye-teeth cut young. You'll go in irons, and you'll go under lock and key, or else my word goes for nothing. Who has those proofs, and who has the money, and how are we to be so easily satisfied in the morning?"

"The proof is in the hands of some of the best known people of this district. The money is in the hands of a man known all over the United States, and whose word would be taken as equal to any other man's oath wherever an American breathes."

"I don't know any man that that will stand for. What's his name?"

"Colonel Davy Crockett."

"On hand!" cried a hearty voice from the doorway. "What's in the wind? Let's have it out lively."

And the stalwart form of Davy Crockett entered the room. His face and hands were covered with blood, and his tough clothing was rent into shreds, and stained with blood from wounds visible in his bare flesh.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DAVY'S FREE FIGHT.

The events which had preceded the departure of Gordon from the camp had not been without their effect upon the vigilant nature of Crockett. His sound sleep, the result of the day's fatigue, had been disturbed by the slight sounds incident to Gordon's departure.

The latter had hardly disappeared in the forest before the hunter became fully awake. His first glance showed him that something was wrong. There had been a change of sentinels, and Ned Gordon, the original sentinel, was nowhere in sight.

A few words with the man who had been left on guard acquainted him with what had occurred.

"Good for Ned," he said. "He's a wide-awake lad, if there ever were one. I brung that boy up, and he's clear grit right through. I reckon Betsy and me had better take a step out into the woods, Ned mought have more than he's built for. You see, he's a smart lad, but he ain't quite got my exper'ence."

Whirlwind, who had slept through all the preceding events, woke at the first tones of his master's voice, and was already at his hee's, eager to accompany him in his projected enterprise.

Flinging the rifle over his shoulder Crockett stepped briskly out, following the direction which had been pointed out as the course taken by his predecessor.

Gordon had scarce ten minutes the start, and would have been soon overtaken, but for the caution needful in tracing the direction of his passage through the wood. Whirlwind here proved himself again a useful companion, by taking up the scent, and leading onward with a speed at which Davy would not have ventured to proceed himself.

In fact, he had to restrain the dog, and examine the track he was following as closely as the feeble light would permit, lest the animal might be on the trail of some four-footed game, and thus lead him astray.

He was not long in reaching the smouldering embers of the fire which Gordon had just before passed. Here the hunter paused and made the closest examination of the surroundings.

It was evident enough to his acute senses that three persons had been camped there to spend the night, and he even found reason for the conjecture that they were the same persons whom he had pursued hither from the cave.

The steps of Gordon were also plainly visible, impressed in the ashes of the fire. Near them were other faint impressions, which needed a much closer examination. He rose from his scrutiny fully satisfied in his own mind of one thing, namely, that Maggie Campbell had, very recently, been where he now stood. Ned Gordon had carried off with him the fragments of a woman's dress which had convinced him of the same thing, but evidence satisfactory to the hunter remained.

There were other points which needed clearing up. She had not been originally in the hands of these men. There was no visible trace of the footsteps of Gillespie, the man who had borne her off from her home, and who, he was convinced by the absence of Rob, had again made her prisoner. It must be remembered that Davy knew nothing of the discoveries and adventures of Rob and his companion, since they parted in the forest near the cave.

How then came she in these hands? The fire had burned down a half-hour before. There must have been some special reason for their having abandoned a fire so recently made, and having changed their plans of passing the night.

This reason had nothing to do with Ned's action. It had occurred at an earlier period.

He remembered what the sentinel had told him of Ned's cause of alarm, particularly the stifled cry of what had seemed a woman's voice.

He was not long in putting these several circumstances together, and in forming a theory from them. Might not the cause of the abandonment of their fire have been a discovery of the camp of their enemies so close at hand? The brands of the fire seemed to have been scattered, as if for their quick extinguishment.

Maggie had not been in their custody. Gillespie was not with them. Had she not then escaped from the latter, and fallen into their hands? The stifled cry indicated such a conclusion. He conjectured that the real state of the case was that she had escaped, had made her way alone through the woods, had seen the fire of the hunters' camp, and while striving to learn if it contained friends or foes, had been recaptured by one of their enemies, who had been prowling about just outside of the gleam of the fire.

They were then, as yet, in the immediate neighborhood. But since this capture they were not likely to stay in this locality. It was probable that they would seek some place of security under cover of the darkness. Where was it more likely this place would be than somewhere within the limits of Brownstown, which he well knew to be the headquarters of the gang?

This theory was not quite satisfactory to his mind. If Maggie had escaped from Brownstown, she would not have plunged again into the forest. Nor did it seem probable that these men would have camped out so near their destination.

But he remembered the intense darkness of the early night, which rendered the forest almost impassable, and imagined that their object was but a temporary warmth and security from wild beasts.

Rob, too, might have cut off Gillespie from his refuge in the town, and this might explain the presence of Maggie in the forest at that late hour of the night.

A full consideration of all these points of the case determined him to seek the town directly, and lay in wait for whatever might turn up.

The fugitives had not more than ten or fifteen minutes the start, and could not make a very rapid progress. He felt sure of reaching the town before them, and of having an opportunity of discovering their approach.

But in this case Crockett proposed and Whirlwind disposed. He had not gone far, at a rapid step through the woods, before a quick, fierce yelp from the dog arrested his progress.

It was followed by a cry from the trees that sent the blood dancing, in hot currents, through his veins.

Well knew he that wild scream, the most fearful sound of the American forest. It was the blood-curdling cry of the catamount, or panther.

Looking quickly back in the direction of the sound, he cocked his rifle and waited silently but observant for the appearance of the animal.

He knew from the sound that it could not be far distant, and the uneasiness of the dog added to the indications of its approach.

The hunter was partly concealed by the trunk of a large oak beside which he stood, and looked back over a range of tall stems, whose lowest branches were twenty or thirty feet from the ground.

Whirlwind stood out more openly, his tail moving slowly from side to side, and his whole frame trembling with eagerness, as his eyes remained fixed on the limbs of the trees.

The scream was again heard, now much nearer, followed by a single fierce bark from the dog. Crockett's quick eye saw the leaves of the tree before him suddenly quiver.

"Hold hard there, dog!" he cried excitedly, "here comes the painter."

The next instant he stepped out from his shelter, and raising the rifle to a level fired with a quick but deadly aim, at a dark object which had appeared on the lower limb of the tree before him.

Quick as was the hunter, however, the animal was quicker. It had leaped without an instant's rest on the limb, and at the moment the bullet whizzed by the spot where it had crouched, it was in the air in the midst of its leap.

Whirlwind, who was the object of this savage assault, sprang to one side, and the next instant the dog and the panther were locked in fierce combat, biting, tearing, snarling, and rolling over and over on the ground, which soon began to redden with the blood of the animals.

Crockett, who feared that his faithful companion would prove no match for his present antagonist, took no time to reload his rifle, but dashed into the fray, knife in hand.

But so entwined were the animals that it was almost impossible to tell which was dog and which panther. He made several efforts to lunge with the knife, but ere he could do so the struggling mass would turn and the side of the dog be presented to him.

But it was evident that Whirlwind was getting the worst of it. He had but his teeth as weapons of offence, while his antagonist fought with teeth and claws, and was, besides, stronger and more active.

Davy could stand it no longer. Clenching the knife between his teeth he went with bare hands into the fray, clasping the panther, which was just then uppermost, by the throat. The creature screamed with pain as it felt the powerful pressure of those two sinewy hands upon its throat.

It tore itself away with a desperate effort, and leaving the dog sprang ferociously upon the man. This leap was so fierce and sudden that Crockett had no time to evade it. In a moment the two new combatants, man and beast, were locked in deadly fray. The onset had borne him prostrate to the ground, and the panther was uppermost, tearing his clothes to shreds by its keen claws, and already bringing the blood from several deep scratches.

He had grasped it by the throat with one hand to keep its long, sharp teeth from his face, with the other he drew the knife from between his teeth, and plunged it deep in the side of the animal.

The creature, writhing with the pain of its wound, struggled loose from his grasp, bringing one of its claws down over his face with a fierce scratch that left several long, bloody lines down the whole length of his visage.

He struck again vigorously with the knife, gathering himself up with all his strength and flinging the animal from him as he did so.

But the ferocious creature, though bleeding from two fatal wounds, rose with a last effort of strength, and sprang again at its foe. Crockett leaped to one side, and was upon it again with the knife ere it could recover from the impetus of this unsuccessful spring.

One quick, violent lunge and the keen blade entered the animal's neck, severing the spine, and effectually ending its power for mischief.

With a convulsive quiver of the limbs it rolled on the ground a lifeless mass where, but a few moments before, had been such wonderful strength and agility.

"You're a dead catamount," said Crockett, rising to his feet, while blood streamed from his face and down his rent clothes, "but you made just the best fight of any critter I ever tackled, and if I had'nt had the knife handy, it'd been a dead Crockett sure. How goes it poor old fellow, hurt deep, boy?" as the bleeding dog crawled to his feet.

The animal looked up piteously into his face in reply. Davy, whose wounds were all flesh hurts, and which had not seriously weakened him, although they bled profusely, set himself to tenderly examining the condition of his bleeding companion.

He found him to be seriously torn by the claws of the panther, and that the blood was pouring from him in a way that, if not staunched, would soon put an end to his life.

But the hunter's experience had made him a very fair adept at surgery, and his knowledge of the dangers of his mode of life induced him to always carry with him the simple requirements for rude surgical operations.

He was not long in dressing the wounds of the dog, and in leaving him in a somewhat comfortable condition. The worst of his own wounds, too, he tied up with fragments of his hunting-shirt, anointing them with a healing salve he had with him.

"Lay there now, boy, and watch that critter, till I come back. It won't be long afore I'm after you."

Patting the dog affectionately on the head, while the animal licked his hand with a low whine, he shouldered his rifle and strode off through the woods with as vigorous a step as if nothing had occurred to him.

The inmates of the Blue Boat Inn gazed with startled eyes at the apparition which burst upon them.

"Why, Davy," cried Gordon, rushing forward, and taking him by the arm, "what has happened? Why, you are bleeding to death!"

"Only a scratch or two," said the hunter, gazing down upon his reddened limbs. "Had a brush with a catamount, and the varmint gave me some work. That's all. The critter's out there dead, and the dog I'm afeard of. But old Davy, bless you, he's as sound as an oak knot."

"I doubt that. I never saw such a sight. Your wounds must be dressed immediately."

"All right, Ned. But first what's afloat here? Ha! I know these fellows. They are wanting to arrest you for that robbery."

"Yes, and I have called on you for proof to clear me."

"You shall have it. I've got the gold safe. I hid it so as not to be bothered with it in this tramp. But I'll go your bail, Ned, and clear you of the darned awkward scrape they've got you into."

"You'll go his bail?" said the officer. "And what warrant have we for you?"

"The word of an honest man, which is worth all the property in the world. If that won't do, take the word of Davy Crockett, which the President at Washington, and half the people in the country will back if I call on them. That man's my prisoner till I can prove him clear. Whoever touches him has got me to fight with. And remember that I've just done for a catamount in a fair fight."

"Good for you, Davy," cried the tipsy quartette. "The man that lays a finger on you has got all Tennessee on his back."

"Come, Ned, now and tie me up, and hunt me something to wear. For you, my friends, I've only got the bit of advice I gave you once afore. Be always sure you're right, then go ahead."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 33.)

* * *

☞ SPECIALTIES IN MEDICINE.—Dr. Robert Barnes, of London, says: "I was recently honored by a visit from a lady of typical modern intelligence who consulted me about a fibroid tumor, and lest I should stray beyond my business, informed me that Dr. Brown-Sequard had charge of her nervous system; that Dr. Williams attended to her lungs; that her stomach was intrusted to Sir William Tull; that Mr. Spencer Wills attended to the rest of her digestive organs, and that Dr. Walsh attended to her heart." As a practical example of the effect of specialties in medicine the case has great value.

☞ "Building castles in Spain, Mr. S.?" said the landlady to Spicer, who was thoughtfully regarding his breakfast-cup. "No, ma'am," said Spicer, "only looking over my grounds in Java."

☞ A California paper, having obtained a new subscriber, records the startling fact in a half column article, headed "Still another! Our course endorsed by the people."

☞ A correspondent writes from Washington: "I was never sure that we were not civilized people till I contemplated my compatriots in the Washington supper-room of a 'festival occasion.' There I have seen dignitaries who the public believe have enough to eat at home, pushing toward a supper-table as a cannibal might to a feast; and ladies, renowned as 'delicate,' with piled-up plates of pickles, salads, fruits and creams, cramming at a rate that would make a perfectly healthy woman sick abed for a week."

☞ A remarkable instance of the instinct of discipline in the Russian army has just occurred at a fire in the small town of Bardosek, where one hundred and ninety-two houses were burned. A sentinel who was on duty, having been forgotten, remained at his post. His watch-box was consumed, and his clothes were already on fire, when a corporal arrived to relieve him. The Emperor, upon hearing of the circumstance, sent the man fifty roubles, decorated him with the Order of St. Anne, and gave instructions for him to be made a non-commissioned officer.

PAREPA AS A WIFE.

Cameo, in the Chicago Times, gives an account of an interview with Parepa at a private entertainment after her first arrival in New York. The interviewer said:

"You are very beautiful, and remind me of my favorite Milo. I have a copy of this most wonderfully lovely Venus in every room of my house that possesses sufficient interest to keep me in it an hour at a time."

"How I should love to live in one of those rooms!" exclaimed Parepa. "My life makes an Arab of me, a female troubadour, a singing vagabond; but when I am rich enough I shall marry some good man for love, build me a home, and fill my house with little children, all my own. I love little children. Do you know that Norma nearly breaks my heart? They tell me that I am too young to sing in Norma, that only those who have been mothers and sorrowed deeply know anything about that wonderful opera. I can imagine that is a mysterious composition to heartless, selfish women, who love no one but themselves, and to whom children are a burden and a torture. I do not sorrow. I have been broken-hearted, and I know the wretchedness of an unhappy wife; but God is good. He permits me to forget, and I feel now when I am singing as if there were no such thing as years, and no coldness in age. I am wild with hope to-night. Don't you see it in my face?"

"Perhaps you will love some American gentleman, and live with us always."

"I don't know. My next husband must be a devotee of music, and enjoy it as intensely as I do. When a man loves me truly, and is possessed of that one sentiment in common with me, he may be rich or poor, a giant or a pigmy, an Apollo or a Caliban, I shall marry him all the same, and be happy with him without asking where he was born."

By and by she married, and people smiled at her choice, simply because of the inequality of their size; but I remembered what she told me when first we met, and I believed in her womanliness more entirely than ever. She married an artist, and as time has proven, she married him from motives that cannot be questioned by the skeptic, in downright, unselfish affection.

That their personal appearance when together was somewhat comical, she well knew, and laughed at it more heartily than any one else. If he did not care because her unusual size made him appear smaller than he really was, neither did she feel sensitive because his little figure gave her the appearance of a beautiful young giantess. One night I saw them together at the Liederkranz ball. Everybody who is familiar with the grotesqueness of this grand affair, knows that no opportunity of burlesqueing notable people is permitted to pass without proper attention. Parepa had become Madame Rosa a little while before, and many persons had not yet smoothed the smile out of their faces that the difference in their height would call up.

An immensely tall Teuton dressed himself for the ball as a bride in white robes, a lady's wig, and flowers, and a small lad was arrayed in the full dress of a gentleman. The tall masked bride led the little man about by one hand, while in the tiny husband's other hand was carried a small ladder. Now and then he wished to converse with his wife, and with a pull of her hand, or a snatch at her drapery, she was made to understand that an interview was desired. The wife halted. The ladder was placed against her breast, and the little husband ran up until his face was on a level with his companion's, when a most social "occasion occurred. When the chat was over, the little man ran down, took his ladder in his hand again, and the pair promenaded through the Academy. Carl Rosa and Parepa, his handsome bride, saw the intention of the burlesque, and whatever unpleasantness Rosa might have felt, he smiled very pleasantly about it, while his wife laughed like a merry child, until the tears rolled over her handsome dimpled face. Round and round the handsome ballroom the great artists followed this travestie of themselves, so that no one should fail to comprehend the practical joke.

"It is disrespectful, and I don't like it," I said to her, as she came to my box.

"Oh, but I do," she answered. "It is such fun for everybody; 'I've got a little husband no bigger than my thumb, I'll put him in a pint cup, and there I'll make him drum,' won't I, Carl Rosa?" and she looked so happy and child-like at him that he laughed back at her, while she sang the old-fashioned nursery rhyme in the sweetest of undertones.

Then I knew that she was thoroughly a happy wife, and satisfied with her lot.

Madame Rosa was never jealous of other prima donne. Every one who came down upon us was more welcome to her than the last.

"We cannot have too much music, nor too many songs," she said. "An artist is an example, and everybody should be glad to hear of a new one. By and by I am going to find that home that I have dreamed about, and all those children, and I don't want to leave a great silent space where I have been so long."

The space has been made, and the silence has fallen, but there was never any real home for her, nor any little children. Alas! poor Carl Rosa!

When Parepa thought she should have been a mother, two years since, she went to England, that the child's birthplace might be the same as her own. By and by she came back to us sorrowfully, and left the little hope buried in a tiny coffin. She sang again, and her voice was richer, sweeter and tenderer, but something had gone out of her face, something of carelessness for the present, a something of hope for the future, but her song had an added pathos, and there was less laughter where she went.

By and by the renewed hope of becoming a mother brought her back from Egypt to her native country. Her physician had endeavored to hinder her expectation from reaching too far into her plans for the future; but she refused to think of a childless home, for a child all her own was her dream of happiness.

In Heaven we hope her dream is a beautiful realization, for the dead mother lies with her dead babe clasped close to her bosom, and we are all very sorrowful.

* * *

☞ A traveller, writing of his Oriental experiences, says: "One of the most pathetic instances of pure Orientalism that ever came to my knowledge is related as a positive fact. While the children of the Abeih school were playing together one day at recess, two small girls fell into pleasant dispute as to the size of a certain object—plaything, perhaps. One said, 'Oh, it was so very little!' and the other asked, 'How little?' Then the missionary looked out of the window, and heard her answer, 'Why, a little wee thing.' Then the other pressed her still further, 'Well, how little?' to which the girl replied, unconscious of the poetry or the pathos of her comparison, 'As little as was the joy of my father on the day I was born!'"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ An era unknown to women—The middle ages.

☞ When a man's circumstances become most crooked and twisted, they are said to be straitened.

☞ There is one thing which the most improvident young men are always able to keep, and that is late hours.

☞ The man who sang, "Oh, breathe no more that simple air," went into the smoking carriage, where it was more mixed.

☞ A little girl was asked what a Knight Templar was, and replied, "A Good Templar who stays out at night."

☞ An ingenious journalist reminds his patrons that the word "advertise" rhymes with "realise."

☞ A wag thinks that the novel "Her Face was her Fortune" ought to be followed by "His Cheek was what Made Him."

☞ It is said that the Indians have invented a new method of scalping, so that now a bald-headed man stands no more show than any one else.

☞ A Connecticut husband sues for divorce on the ground that his wife "did throw cucumbers in his face because he helped himself too plentifully."

☞ The editor of the Senatobia (Miss.) Signet has put his foot in it by maliciously commenting upon the size of the mayor's feet, and has to pay damages for libel.

☞ A New York lady was examining an applicant for the office of maid-of-all-work, when she interrogated her as follows:—"Well, Mary, can you scour tin-ware with alacrity?" "No, ma'am; I always scour it with sand."

☞ "What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a small pupil who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering reply, "You do—to see 'Liza."

☞ Dr. Brown-Sequard says, "It is a very great mistake we commit in not teaching our children to make use of the two sides of the body indifferently. We write with one hand; we should learn to use both."

☞ A debating society in Westmoreland county find it impossible to decide "whether an untidy woman with a sweet temper is to be preferred to a tidy one with a sour temper."

☞ A law has been enacted in North Carolina that all commercial fertilizers shall bear the name and address of the manufacturer or seller, together with a true analysis of the article.

☞ PIOUS SCRUPLES.—Auntie.—"Well, it is a pretty valentine, Annie. Do you know who sent it?"

Annie.—"Yeth, 'ittle Frank 'Tanley, he'th my feetheart!"

Auntie.—"Why, I thought it was Georgie!"

Annie.—"No, I don't like Georgie, auntie, he'th tho very wicked in church. Do you know he eath a great big lot of hardbake there every Thunday, auntie, and never givth me a bit!"

☞ A Georgia paper tells of an attempt by a powerful eagle to carry off a girl fourteen years old. It says the bird lifted her from the ground several times, and carried her some distance. She was severely wounded by his beak and talons, her sides and arms being terribly lacerated.

☞ Two of the edible dogs of China are now on exhibition at the Zoological Gardens in Paris. If it be found easy to acclimatize them, it is proposed to introduce this new article of food. The dogs in question are small and hairless and enormously fat. They are fed solely on vegetable food, a regimen which imparts a rare delicacy to their flesh.

☞ A disappointed American, writing from Florence, says, "We hear a great deal about the blue skies of Italy, but never a word about its rainy ones or its heavy mists and damp, chilly days that often merge into weeks, nay, sometimes into months."

☞ There is no change in the style of wearing the hair. In the spring, however, it is said, a style so novel and startling will be introduced, that each particular hair on a fashionable woman's head will stand on end with surprise. That wouldn't be nice, after all.

☞ A man in South Hero, Vt., who had a gun which scattered shot badly, saw an advertisement in a city paper offering to send information of a method of preventing such scattering for 50 cents. He forwarded the money, and received instruction "to put in only one shot."

LET me kiss you for your mother,
For your sister, cousin, aunt,
Or for somebody or other
Whom I long to kiss but can't.
I could wish my love beside me,
As I've you beside me now;
But the pleasure is denied me,
So I'll kiss you, anyhow!

☞ A picture in Punch's Almanac for 1874 represents a scene in a nursery. A lady is seated near the fire, and a little girl is kneeling before her, while another little girl says, "Maud, please mention I'm so dreadfully tired I can't say mine to-night, but I'll be sure to remember to-morrow!"

☞ The Empress Eugenie and son, who inherited five million francs from the Emperor, are to be enriched by the allowance of the French Government, which has decided that the Chinese Museum at Fontainebleau and the collection of arms and armor at Pierrefond belonged to the private estate of Napoleon III., and must therefore be paid for by France.

☞ During Col. Tom Scott's recent visit to New York he was hailed on the street by a little bootblack with: "Boss, have yer boots shined?" The colonel pleasantly shook his finger at him, saying: "My boy, I am no boss." The little waif swung his box over his shoulder, and, eyeing the great railroad king from head to foot, replied: "Yer boss of yer boots, ain't yer?"

☞ Could the woman of two generations ago, whose wedding outfit would have found ample room in the space allowed for one toilet alone, see a trousseau of to-day, she would doubtless join in the anxious queries of the small boy, who finding himself lost in the midst of a bewildering mass of finery, asked, "Did she never have any clothes or stockings before, and can't she ever get any more when she's married?"

☞ The Pioneer Club (colored) in Alexandria, being lately about to give a ball, announced on the programme that the entertainment would be "strictly moral until 12 o'clock." This odd announcement having caused some comment, the committee of arrangements have written to the newspapers to explain. "Strictly moral" means promenading, which even "members of churches may engage in." After that the light fantastic, though "no inferior characters will be allowed inside the building."

☞ Here is a bit of frankness from an out-of-town editor. "For a man reported murdered in the columns of the Paper a few weeks ago, the individual, who has just left the office, wore a very healthy look and carried a stout cudgel. That he left no room for doubting his identity was evident from the rapidity with which the editor declined the editorial honor, and classed himself as an embryonic reporter. Discretion is the better part of valor."

The Sinking Saved.—The combination of tonic, alterative and stimulating properties in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, especially adapts that famous specific to the cure of chronic forms of disease, when the strong influence of a long protracted morbid habit is to be surmounted. In chronic dyspepsia, and liver complaint, and in chronic constipation and other obstinate diseases, it is beyond all comparison the best remedy that can be taken. As a means of restoring the strength and vital energy of persons who are sinking under the debilitating effects of painful disorders, this standard vegetable invigorant is confessedly unequalled. The permanent tonics included in the preparation are associated with a diffusible stimulant absolutely pure, and the tendency of these elements is modified by the presence of alteratives, ingredients slower in their operation and capable of producing more lasting local and general effects. For feeble convalescents and in all phases of debility, it is the best as well as the most agreeable of restoratives.

HACK, HACK! COUGH, COUGH.

Cough is a symptom by which various diseased conditions of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs manifest themselves. But whether it arises from the irritation produced in the throat and larynx by taking cold, from an attack of Bronchitis, from incipient Consumption, or from various other causes, nothing will allay it more speedily nor cure it more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does not matter whether it be a recent attack, or a lingering cough, the Discovery is in either case equally well adapted for its relief and permanent cure. In fact, it will cure a cough in one-half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. No time should be lost in commencing the use of a proper medicine for the relief of a Cough, for unless this course is pursued, serious and dangerous disease of the lungs is liable to result.

DOCTORS SOON LEARN ITS VALUE.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec 13, 1870.

DR. PIERCE—For the past six months I have used your Golden Medical Discovery in my practice, and in that time I have tested its merits in severe coughs, both acute and chronic, in chronic disease of the throat, severe cases of bronchitis, general derangement of the system, constipated condition of the bowels, and wherever a thorough alterative has been indicated. In all cases have I found it to act gently yet thoroughly and effectually in removing the various diseased conditions, and bringing about a healthy action throughout the system. Yours fraternally,

H. L. HALL, M. D.

EAST INDIA HEMP is the only thing on record that positively cures Consumption and Bronchitis. We have many palliatives, but CANNABIS INDICA is the only permanent cure, and will break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. Price, $2.50. Sold everywhere. Send stamp for certificate of cures to CHADDOCK & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming Saturday Evening Post. fe7-18t

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNKEL, No. 259 N. Ninth street, Philadelphia. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oc25-52t

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St.,
oc18-tf New York.

CHEAP READING.
OLD NUMBERS OF "THE LADY'S FRIEND."

The former publishers of "THE LADY'S FRIEND" have on hand a number of old copies of that admirable Magazine—in good condition, and full of choice engravings, stories, &c.—for the ten years from 1861 to September 1873 inclusive.

We have a few complete sets for 1865, 1866, 1868, 1871 and 1872. For the other years, the sets are not complete—being deficient however often in only one number.

We will supply single copies of these old Magazines for ten cents each, and, when twelve copies or more are taken, for seventy-five cents the dozen. We will also prepay the postage when ordered by mail in all cases.

For old subscribers to that Magazine whose sets of THE LADY'S FRIEND are incomplete—or for those who desire to get some good magazine reading and beautiful engravings at a very cheap price, this is a desirable opportunity. Address, DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philada.

MONEY made easy, with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues and particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover street, Boston. mh15-eow26t

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau street, New York. oc18-26t

"SERPENTS' EGGS," 25c. "Magic Photographs," 25c. "Japanese Crystalets," 25c. "Magic Transfer Pictures," 25c. All post-paid. "Illustrated Book of Wonders," free for stamp. B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., N. Y. city. de4-30t

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING ON EARTH

A new parlor pastime; 50,000 comical transformations. Endless amusement for evening parties. Post-paid, 50 cents. A. J. FISHER, 98 Nassau St., New York.

THE LITTLE FLIRT

Book form. An elegantly bound miniature volume, containing fourteen Silhouette Illustrations, with full Flirtation Signals. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25 cents. A. J. FISHER, 98 Nassau St., New York. mch7-4t

"How Fortunes are Made in Wall Street."—A New Book, sent free, explaining how money can be made in Stock Speculations by investing from $10 to $100. L. W. HAMILTON & CO., Bankers, 48 Broad Street, New York. mch14-13t

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to one of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters."

One copy of THE POST ($2.00) and one of T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ($2.50) will be sent for $4.00. Each publication will send one of its Premium pictures, at the choice of the subscriber, the same as if each was separately subscribed for.

☞ Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or engraving. Or 25 cents, if the Chromo is desired mounted on card-board. We strongly advise having the Chromo mounted—it greatly increases its value.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to the order of the Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

A COUNTRY HOME.

The time of year is coming when young children imperatively need to live in the country. The numerous disadvantages and restraints of town are fearfully against them in their struggle with the ailments of infancy. Get them successfully over the early critical years, and it will not matter so much where they live; but while young, nothing can be done for them equal to giving them a country home. However spacious and airy and sunny the city residence may be, and Philadelphia houses of late years are admirably built for family comfort, the living room taking precedence of all others in the healthful light and warmth of open grates and abundant windows—however sufficient these cheerful and beautiful arrangements may be for a grown-up family, they do not suffice for the little ones. The freedom of the open air is all-important for them. Especially as summer comes on do they find the confinement of the house, even the best house, an insufferable restraint, and they fret their lives away under it. No medicine will help a teething baby as fresh air will. Let them have it in the streets of town if you can do no better; but of all luxuries choose for them the liberty of the country, where the baby wagon on fair days, and the piazza when it rains, will enable them to live almost wholly out of doors. It simplifies wonderfully the care of a child, relieving the mother from dependence upon hirelings, for she can give her baby an airing and take one herself at the same time free from intrusive observation. The doctors say the healthiest babies are those who are permitted to sleep out of doors most in baby wagons or otherwise. The motion of the wagon and the fresh air together compose their nerves, and when they drop asleep, throw a net over to protect from flies, and they will sleep sweetly for hours.

S. P.

THE BLUE LAWS.

We have received the following note from "Zig" relative to our comment on her recent article:—

"MR. EDITOR:—In answer to your remark that the descendants of the old Pilgrims deny that there was any law forbidding a woman to kiss her child on Sunday, I would like to say that they are mistaken. There was such a law, undoubtedly. I have seen this question discussed in the newspapers, often; have read these Blue Laws over and over again; and besides all that, have a copy of them, ever so many years older than I am, now in my possession, and that law is in with the rest. They are right about the law forbidding a husband to kiss his wife on Sunday. There was no such law as that. But the law which said a woman shouldn't kiss her child on Sabbath or on fasting-day, was an actual law, as any authentic copy of the old Blue Laws will show. Your friend, ZIG."

In answer to the above, we would say that the book containing the so-called Blue Laws to which "Zig" refers, is said to have been published by an enemy of the Puritans—and it is contended that, in order to make the Puritans ridiculous, he inserted laws which had no existence.

Of course, in this state of the dispute, it was natural to have recourse to the old manuscript laws of the Connecticut colonies themselves. But if we are rightly informed, those laws have been mutilated, either by some enemy or some reverential descendant, so that the laws for several years cannot be found. If the law which "Zig" refers to ever existed, absolute proof of it therefore, we believe, is not forthcoming.

There are, however, records remaining of several very curious decisions by the magistrates of the old time upon domestic subjects, which, if made nowadays, would startle the present inhabitants of "the land of steady habits" not a little.

The Food of a Lifetime.

M. Soyer, cook of the Reform Club, is a person of considerable genius, a good deal above ordinary artists in his peculiar line. In one of his books, the Modern Housewife, he enters into a calculation as to how much food an epicure of seventy years of age has consumed. This imaginary epicure, who is supposed to be a wealthy personage, is placed by him on Primrose Hill at ten years old, and told to look around him at the vast assemblage of animals and other objects he will in the course of a lifetime send down his throat—the sight of which is, of course, described as appalling. Among other things, he is to devour 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 263 pigeons, 120 turbot, 140 salmon, 30,000 oysters, 5,475 pounds' weight of vegetables, 243¾ pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs, and 4½ tons of bread, besides fruits, sweetmeats, &c., and 49 hogsheads of wine, 584 gallons of spirits, and about 3,000 gallons of tea and coffee. This is a mere outline of what we are told is destined to be consumed. To show there is no exaggeration, Soyer assures us that he has from experience made up a scale of food for the day for a period of sixty years, and "it amounts to 33¾ tons' weight of meat, farinaceous food, and vegetables, &c." One is not prepared to dispute the calculations of so clever an expert. All we can say is, that the picture he presents is very suggestive. That he has not exaggerated in at least one particular, I am prepared to verify. A gentleman of my acquaintance has for the last fifty years eaten every morning two eggs to breakfast—making 730 per annum, or a total for the whole period 36,500 eggs. This goes considerably beyond Soyer!

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

(Suggested by Holman Hunt's Picture.)

(In this picture, now exhibited in London, Christ is represented as a young man working in a carpenter's shop at the close of the day. Weary with labor, he stretches his arms above his head. The action throws upon the wall behind, his shadow, resembling that of one hanging upon a cross. His mother, kneeling before a casket, where she has been examining the crowns brought by the Wise Men of the East, starts to see the omen.)

Weary, half weary of the work of life,
The just-begun and never-ended strife,
Oh, Son of Mary;
Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter,
God-given, tweny years agone, to her,
His mother Mary.
Jesus, the Lord's Anointed, free from sin;
The Way, by which a far-off heaven we win,
The Door, through which we may all enter in,
Christ, Son of Mary.

Our days, Thou knowest, are short and full of woes,
Our cross, like Thine, too soon its shadow throws,
Tired Son of Mary;
Our birth-crowns, that our mothers treasure up,
Are melted oft into one bitter cup—
They drink, like Mary:
And with dim, frightened eyes they also see
The shadow of some strange accursed Tree,
Where their dear sons give up the ghost, like Thee,
Great Son of Mary.

Oh, full of life, with all life's lawful joys
Calling upon Thee in mellifluous noise,
Fair Son of Mary;
Full of man's strength to do God's whole behest,
The noon-tide labor bringing evening rest,
Sweet Son of Mary.
Yet through all this, love-wiser far than these,
The shadow of the Cross Thy mother sees
In its unfathomable mysteries—
Heart-pierced Mary.

But Thou, with those Divine eyes, free from fear,
Thou seest the rest, remaining even here
To Thee—and Mary,
And all God's people, all His children poor,
Whom Thou namest brethren: knocking at their door,
Blessed Son of Mary:
And, by-and-by, Thy earthly travail done,
Death consummating what Thy life begun,
Thou'lt say, "Come unto Me, each weary one—
I am Son of Mary."

Oh, Son of God, and yet the woman's seed,
Bruise Thou our serpent sins, even though we bleed,
Like Thee and Mary.
Forgive if we, too, tired ere work be done,
Look forward longing to the set of sun,
Alone—no, Mary:
And in the day of evil, anguish-rife,
Remember us! Through this our mortal strife,
Lead us unto Thine everlasting life,
Christ, Son of Mary.

REST FOR FLOWERING PLANTS.

To have thriving house plants it is necessary to allow them periods of absolute rest, such as winter gives to all things in the out-door garden. Calla Lilies for winter blooming should not have anything expected of them in the summer. Visiting a lady whose Callas flower magnificently in December, we observed the pot lying on its side, entirely neglected, under a bush on the lawn. They were resting, in the time of heat and drought, to be ready for new life in the autumn. The Cactus and Oleander, for summer blooming, rest well in the cellar during the cold months. The following is a striking instance of the good effect of complete rest:

"A gentleman having received a rare and beautiful Cactus, direct from the tropics, waited patiently to see it bloom. After a long time, becoming discouraged, he set it away in the cellar for the winter, where it received no attention whatever, as it was entirely forgotten. Coming upon it in the spring, during the cleaning of the cellar, he concluded, from its forlorn and dried-up appearance, that it was dead, and threw it out, pot and all, on a rubbish heap at one side of the house, that was seldom visited. Happening to go to the spot during the summer, what was his surprise to behold the *abandoned* plant full of gorgeous blossoms, though the pot was partly broken, and lay aslant on the pile of rubbish."

Impressions of Cuba.

The Grand Duke Alexis speaks very highly of the beauty of the Cuban ladies, some of whom, he thinks, entirely realize the most idealistic dreams of female beauty. The men, on the other hand, looked to him puny, and as entirely unworthy physical representatives of the Castilian race. "There is a striking difference," he writes, "between the Spanish battalions from the Basque provinces, which I saw in Havana and Matanzas, and the crowd of male Cuban spectators who, with me, looked at them. The former were tall, slender, erect, with large heads generally; the latter seemed, as a rule, effeminate, and very little fit for the hardships of the camp and field."

Cuban food did not agree very well with the northern stomach of his imperial highness. He does not give any particulars of his disagreeable culinary experiences in the Gem of the Antilles, but the following extract will show what he thought:

"The sharp air and the long drive had given me a keen appetite, and I sighed for a good steak. This could not be had, and for cakes and chocolate I did not care in the least. I had begun to hate the very sight of them."

The grand duke is not very enthusiastic concerning his impressions of Cuba. He had looked for a climate of balmy mildness, and, in its stead, he found one of extreme and most disagreeable changeability. He declares that, during a day of rain and storm in Havana, he was more chilled than during any of his protracted bear-hunts, in Russian midwinter, on the frozen banks of Lake Onega.

Mental Work.

That able writer, Mr. Hamerton, tells us: "All who need to keep their minds in the best possible condition ought to have resolution enough to regulate their living in a manner which experience, in their case, proves to be most favorable."

Speaking of the philosopher Kant's regularity of habit in mind and body, he says:—

"He well knew that the regularity of the intellectual life depended entirely on the regularity of the bodily functions, and, unlike the foolish men alluded to by Gœthe who pass the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine that produces it, Kant not only knew that regular health was necessary to his work as a philosopher, but did everything in his power to preserve it. Few intellectual laborers have in this respect given evidence of such persistent strength of will.

"A detail which illustrates Kant's attention to whatever could affect his physical life, is his rule to withdraw his mind from everything requiring effort fifteen minutes before he went to bed. His theory, which is fully confirmed by the experience of others, was, that there was a risk of missing sleep if the brain was not tranquilized before bedtime. He knew that the intellectual life of the day depended on the night's rest, and he took this precaution to secure it. The regularity of his daily walk, taken during the afternoon in all weathers, and the strict limitation of the hours of rest, also helped the soundness of his sleep."

FREE PLATFORM.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As we have plenty of time before us, I shall put off for the present a direct answer to the arguments of "*No Fanatic*," in last week's POST, in order to insert a recent article on the subject of "The Delusions of Drink," by Dr. Holland, the able editor of *Scribner's Monthly.*

If I can only fire my readers with the conviction of the folly of drinking strong liquors, I think they will be ready to embrace any effective means of doing away with the monstrous evil which now desolates our land. And that when the question comes before them, as voters or as legislators—shall the law prohibit the making of drunkards, as it prohibits other forms of poisoning, and theft and arson and murder?—that they will be ready to give a hearty aye and amen, even though the duty of enforcing this law is attended with the same evil consequences as attend the enforcing of all other laws. But hear Dr. Holland on

THE DELUSIONS OF DRINK.

"King Solomon has the credit of being the wisest man that ever lived; and he declared that he who is deceived by wine, the mocker, and strong drink, the raging, is not wise. The delusions of drink are as old as drink itself, and are as prevalent now as in Solomon's time. There are men who honestly believe that alcoholic drink is good for them; yet there is not one of them who would touch it except as a prescribed medicine if it were not for its pleasant taste. The delusion touching its healthfulness, grows out of the desire to justify an appetite which may either be natural or acquired. If a man likes whisky or wine, he likes to think that it is good for him, and he will take some pains to prove that it is so, both to himself and others.

"Now alcohol is a pure stimulant. There is not so much nutriment in it as there is in a chip. It never added anything to the permanent forces of life, and never can add anything. Its momentary intensification of force is a permanent abstraction of force from the drinker's capital stock. All artificial excitants bring exhaustion. The physicians know this, and the simplest man's reason is quite capable of comprehending it. If any man supposes that daily drink, even in small quantities, is conducive to his health, he is deluded. If he possess a sluggish temperament, he may be able to carry his burden without much apparent harm, but burden it is, and burden it will always be.

"After a man has continued moderate drinking long enough, then comes a change—a demand for more drink. The old quantity does not suffice. The powers which have been insensibly undermined, clamor, under the pressure of business, for increased stimulation. It is applied, and the machine starts off grandly; the man feels strong, his form grows portly, and he works under constant pressure. Now he is in a condition of great danger, but the delusion is upon him that he is in no danger at all. At last, however, drink begins to take the place of food. His appetite grows feble and fitful. He lives on his drink, and, of course, there is but one end to this—viz: death! It may come suddenly, through the collapse of all his powers, or through paralysis, or it may come slowly, through atrophy and emaciation. His friends see that he is killing himself, but he cannot see it at all. He walks in a delusion from his early manhood to his death.

"A few weeks ago one of our city physicians publicly read a paper on the drinking habits of women. It was a thoughtful paper, based on a competent knowledge of facts. It ought to have been of great use to those women of the city who are exposed to the dangers it portrayed, and especially to those who have acquired the habits it condemned. Soon afterward there appeared in the columns of a daily paper a protest from a writer who ought to be a good deal more intelligent than he is, against the doctor's conclusions. The health and physique of the beer-drinking Englishwoman were placed over against the health and physique of the water-drinking American women, to the disadvantage of the latter. The man is deluded. It is not a year since Sir Henry Thompson, one of the most eminent medical men in England—a man notoriously beyond the reach of any purely Christian considerations,—declared against the beer-drinking of England on strictly sanitary grounds. Our litterateur declares that the Englishwoman can outwalk her American sister. That depends entirely upon the period of life when the task is undertaken. The typical Englishwoman who has stood by the beer diet until she is more than forty years old, is too fat to walk anywhere easily out of doors, or gracefully within.

"During our late civil war this matter of drinking for health's sake was thoroughly tried. A stock of experience and observation was acquired that ought to have lasted for a century. Again and again, thousands and thousands of times, was it proved that the man who drank nothing was the better man. He endured more, he fought better, he came out of the war healthier than the man who drank. Nothing is more easily demonstrable than that the liquor used by the two armies, among officers and men alike, was an unmitigated curse to them. It disturbed the brains and vitiated the councils of the officers, and debilitated and demoralized the men. Yet all the time the delusion among officers and men was, that there were both comfort and help in whisky.

"The delusions of drink are numberless, but there is one of them which stands in the way of reform so decidedly that it calls for decided treatment. We allude to the notion that it is a nice thing to drink nice liquors or wines at one's home, to offer them to one's friends, and to make them minister to good fellowship at every social gathering, while it is a very different thing to drink bad liquor, in bad places, and in large quantities. A man full of good wine feels that he has a right to look with contempt upon the Irishman who is full of bad whisky. It is not a long time since the election of a professor in a British university was opposed solely on the ground that he neither drank wine nor offered it to his friends: and when, by a small majority, his election was effected, the other professors decided not to recognize him socially. There are thus two men whom these sticklers for wine despise—viz.: the man who gets drunk on bad liquor, and the man who drinks no liquor at all. Indeed, they regard the latter with a hatred or contempt which they do not feel for the poor drunkard. The absolute animosity with which many men in society regard one who is conscientiously opposed to wine-drinking, could only spring from a delusion in regard to the real nature of their own habits. The sensitiveness of these people on this subject, however, shows that they suspect the delusion of which they are the victims. They claim to be on the side of temperance. They deprecate drunkenness, and really don't see what is to be done about it. They wish that men would be more rational in their enjoyment of the good things of the world, etc., etc.; but their eyes seem blinded to the fact that they stand in the way of all reform. The horrible drunkenness of the larger cities of Great Britain, with which no hell that America holds can compare for a moment, can never be reformed until the drinking habits of the English clergy and the English gentry are reformed. With eleven-twelfths of the British clergy wine-drinkers, and water-drinkers tabooed in society, and social drinking the fashion in all the high life of the realm, the workman will stand by his gin, brutally will reign in its own chosen centres undisturbed, and those centres will increasingly become what, to a frightful extent, they already are—festering sores upon the body social, and stenches in the nostrils of the world.

"The habits, neither of Great Britain nor America, will be improved until men of influence in every walk of life are willing to dispense with their drinking customs. Hundreds of thousands of English-speaking men go to a drunkard's grave every year. There is nothing in sanitary considerations as they relate to the moderate drinker, and surely nothing in the pleasures of the moderate drinker, to mitigate this curse. It is all a delusion. The water-drinker is the healthy man, and the happy man. Spirits, wine, beer, alcoholic beverages of all sorts are a burden and a bane, and there is no place where a good man can stand unshadowed by a fatal delusion, except upon the safe ground of total abstinence. Until that ground is taken, and held, by good men everywhere, there can be no temperance reform. The wine-drinkers of England and America have the whisky-drinkers in their keeping. What do they propose to do with them?"

Heartily endorsing all the above, I am very truly yours,

TEMPERANCE.

MORAL SUASION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am very much pleased to see Dr. Holland's article, as quoted at length by my friend "*Temperance.*" I am not in the least a friend of Intemperance, but am as much a foe of that hateful and degrading vice as any man. The only question I have raised is, whether, in the first place, Prohibitory Laws do promote Temperance; and, secondly, even if it be proved that they do, whether they do not gain their end at the cost of that precious boon, Individual Freedom, and of as equally important moral virtues as Temperance itself.

When our Saviour—who by the way was a wine-drinker, and called by the Pharisees of that day a glutton and a wine-bibber—was on earth, he seemed of all sins to despise most that of Hypocrisy. No doubt there was more or less drunkenness in Judea, because we see frequent references to men being drunken and overcome with wine in the New as in the Old Testament. But the Saviour himself, I believe, said very little against Intemperance, and nothing against wine-drinking. In fact he even made wine at a wedding by a miracle, and seems to have been in the daily habit of drinking it—even using it in his last supper with his disciples in the institution of a solemn religious ordinance.

But I do not care to dwell upon this branch of the subject at present—I therefore return to my first statement, that our Saviour seemed of all sins to despise most that of Hypocrisy.

Now these Prohibitory Laws, as it seems to me, are calculated to produce a great amount of Hypocrisy—leading some men to profess to be Total Abstainers when they are not—leading others to talk in a very sanctified manner of how wicked liquor-sellers are, when their own closets at home are full of liquors, as if the receiver was not just as bad as the thief, and the buyer as the seller—and thus tending to breed up a generation of Hypocrites. Intemperance is bad enough—but I question whether a frank and open-hearted drunkard is not a better man than a crafty hypocrite, full of loud words about the depravity of selling liquors, and tippling in secret and among his friends whenever he can get a chance.

In relation to Dr. Holland's article, I will now take the liberty of saying a few words.

The able Doctor speaks of Solomon as being the wisest man that ever lived, and quotes his words approvingly. Did the Doctor not see that a wine-drinker would answer at once—"Well, this wisest man was in the regular habit of drinking wine. And he only declared that he who was *deceived* by wine—that is, let it get the mastery of him—was not wise."

The Doctor says there is no more nutriment in alcohol than in a chip. But wine, beer, &c., are not alcohol—there is alcohol in them, combined with other things. Besides, what nutriment is there in the essential principle of tea or of coffee? And there is not a particle of nutriment in pure water—and yet we could live longer without food than without it. Nutriment, therefore, is not everything.

Alcohol is said to be in fresh bread—quite a perceptible quantity of it. Shall we not eat bread on that account?

If the drinking of the strong liquors be so fearfully hurtful, why are the men of this country healthier than the women? The great majority of the men drink—the great majority of the women do not.

The Doctor speaks of the English women. Well, take the German women—they are certainly stronger and more robust than the American women, and nearly all of them have been drinking beer or wine regularly since early childhood.

If beer and wine be *poisons*, how is it that the people of Europe—especially the Germans and Austrians—who drink those liquors almost from their cradles to their graves, are such strong, vigorous people, both in body and mind?

Now these are questions which naturally occur to every sensible man—and which are not to be pooh-pooed away by reckless assertions and empty declamation. It seems to me, considering the immense amount of drinking of strong liquors which has been going on for thousands of years, that if they were the poisonous articles that the ultra Temperance men think, the world by this time would have been nearly depopulated. And that, in place of the strong and vigorous people we see in Europe, we should see but a few tottering, paralytic, shadowy forms, wandering around aimlessly and hopelessly, or else engaged in burying their remaining relatives and friends.

But I suppose I have occupied sufficient space for this week. I may close therefore by saying that while the use of strong liquors doubtless has its great evils, that those evils, when you consider the immense amount of liquors drank, must be enormously exaggerated by the Temperance orators, or else this globe would be rapidly becoming an uninhabited planet.

One word more. Has "Temperance" heard that the Twenty-second Ward of this city (Germantown) which adopted a Prohibitory law by about 1300 majority, after a two years' trial has voted "license" by about 700? And this despite the active efforts of the ministers and churches, who wanted to bring the Law and the constable to aid religion and morality, as, it seems to me, their Divine Master never did.

NO FANATIC.

FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Dewy droops the green sweet-brier,
Dewy hangs the rose,
As I follow where her footstep,
Lightly printed, goes.

Sun, that cometh up to meet me,
Was there aught to see
Down beneath that gray horizon
Half so fair as she?

Down this path she careless wandered
Where the lilies drooped;
Here her garment brushed the dew off
As she, gathering, stooped.

Here she turned and paused, uncertain—
Ah, I hear it now!—
Over stones the full brook singing
Faintly, far below!

Leading on to greet the roses,
Run the footsteps free;
Red, and white, and pink she gathered,—
Dropping one for me!

Then to where the honeysuckle
Climbs to scent the air—
No, she stopped and left it climbing,
Turning otherwhere.

Where then? Oh, adown this pathway,
Where her heliotrope
Makes the air with perfume heavy,
Purpling all the slope.

Sun, that maketh shadows shorter
As I follow still,
Where were you at early dawning
When she climbed the hill?

Shall she climb to wait your coming,
She, my own, my sweet,
When her gracious presence only
Makes your day complete?

Here she left her blossoms lying
In a hawthorn's care,
And the dewy steps go springing
Up the rocks so bare.

Higher, higher ever leading,
Follow I and hope—
Sunny hair lit up with sunshine—
Ah! my heliotrope!

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A Word to Husbands.

It is not sufficient to give your wife money enough, to furnish her house luxuriously, and all that sort of thing. That is only being a good provider, not entirely a good husband. What a wife needs more than this is love, and that, or rather the demonstration of its existence, is what she oftenest misses. Weary is her woman's heart many a time, and often, when you know not of it, weary unto death. Yet she could give no reason for it that you could understand.

Life's possibilities weigh always on a woman's soul. What may be is an awful anguish to her; what is almost impossible, may be to her an everlasting dread. Her whole being is rather ideal than real, and just as children see more in their toys than we can, so she sees more in what you deem life's playthings than you could imagine.

The forgotten kiss, the neglected birthday, the careless look, the touch unanswered by any responsive touch—to the wife whom you once courted so anxiously, these are agonies intolerable. It is not enough that you love her; she can never take this for granted; let her see it, and let other women see it, and so you will bind her heart to yours as you could not by the gift of all the diamonds in Golconda. A word of praise and appreciation is easy to give, and you don't know how it will help her.

Origin of Gypsies.

Charles Leland, in his work on English Gypsies, speaks of the race of which they are a part as "the descendants of a vast number of Hindoos, of the primitive tribes of Hindoostan, who were expelled or migrated from that country early in the fourteenth century." The migration probably began earlier, for there are intimations of them as far west as Germany in 1416, and in 1427 a troop of them, numbering a hundred, appeared in Paris, where they gave themselves out as Christian gypsies expelled from Egypt by the Mohammedans. No settled account of their origin is given by the gypsies of any two lands in the Old World, but their tradition tends on the whole toward the Egyptian origin, which the popular notions of European nations had in general till of late assigned to them. Yet that the Rom or Romni are to be identified with the Dom or Domni castes of Hindoos, allied to the Nats, the real gypsies of India at the present day—the letters D and R being hardly distinguishable in gypsy mouths—is not only attested by the name they give themselves, but borne out by proofs without limit from the study of their speech and of their characteristic customs or habits.

I Said So.

Here is a domestic drama from Paris. A young girl was about to be married to a journeyman carpenter, whose suit was by no means agreeable to her. She had refused and protested against the match, but her father was inexorable on the subject, and insisted on the marriage, though the mother would willingly have yielded. At length the bride-elect appeared resigned to her fate, and the father, pointing out the happy result of his firmness to his wife, triumphantly exclaimed, "I told you so." Next day, however, the poor girl, having left a letter at home explaining the cause of her action, jumped off the Bridge of Austerlitz into the Seine. She was, however, saved, and carried home by two sailors. The father returned home, just as the dripping girl was placed in safety beside the paternal hearth, when the mother, with perhaps more point than discretion, simply observed, "I told you so."

Scandal.

The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected, that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

MISS KATE FIELDS has been writing some of her lively letters to the Tribune—this time from Spain. "Madrid," she says, "goes to bed at eight A. M., breakfasts at one P. M., takes a siesta before going to the bull fight at four, drives afterward, dines at seven, and later begins business. There are those abject enough to retire at night and rise in the morning. They are shopkeepers and secretaries of legation possessed of conscience. Conscience emulates the lark. It rises early."

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Here is the speech that Mr. Barnum is supposed to have made when he first went into the showman's business, and was exhibiting the Boa Constrictor. It is worthy of the distinguished showman: "John, undo his tail. There ladies and gentlemen, is the wonderful boy constructor, so called because he constructs many pleasing images with his serpentile form. The constructor is a long animal, as you will perceive, and is very long lived. He lives a hundred years or more, if he don't die beforehand. He is of the wormy species, and worms himself along the ground without legs. He is capable of climbing the highest trees, in which he is fond of concealing himself in the branches thereof, that he may impose upon the benighted traveller or other beasts, whereby to assatiate his hunger. He mashes his vittles before he eats 'em, and then swallows 'em head first. The sea-serpent is much larger, yet I think the boy constructor could lick him; for he is full of pluck. Prick him, John, and make him hiss. When he hisses he is very angry, and cares very little what becomes of him. This is because he is weak minded, and has a small head. He has, however, a very large belly, and when it is full, he is good natured. He has a lovely skin, but is very ugly tempered. He is very sulky and lazy, and he is so spiteful, it is a mercy he can't talk. I have took care of this mighty snake for three years, but he shows no gratitude. He is a glutton, and likes to stuff himself, and then go to sleep. If John don't stir him, (stir him again John!) he would never wake up, except to his victuals. I don't know's I ought to blame him though; because nature is nature, whether in Boston or the rude valleys of Bengal. I have an uncle who has lived in Bengal, and a brother who has never been there. My uncle tells me he has seen ten thousand boy constructors at one time, a-frolicking in the forest, and eating each other up. My brother does not believe it, but then he has not seen it. My uncle may be depended upon. He was a ship-captain once, and sold rum and sugar to the Injuns. He is the only man in the world who ever sold liquor to the boy constructor. This is the one he gave it to. He first got him tight, and then boxed him up. The boy will never forgive him."

THE MINISTER'S REPLY.

"It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons; I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it: I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text."

"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this from Solomon:—'It is better to dwell in a corner of a house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.'"

"Do you mean me, sir?" inquired the lady, quickly.

"Oh, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too quick in your application."

THE STOLEN PIG.

"Patrick, the Widow Malony tells me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?" "Yis, yer honor." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it, and ate it, yer honor." "Oh, Patrick, Patrick! When you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig, on the Great Judgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?" "Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?" "To be sure I did." "Well, then, yer riverence, I'd say, Mrs. Malony, there's yer pig."

TIT FOR TAT.

A minister at a colored wedding, who wished to be humorous, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which ungallant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."

"OLD HICKORY."

The following story, which tells how General Jackson got the title of "Old Hickory," is related by Captain William Allen, a near neighbor of the general, and who messed with him during the Creek war. During the campaign the soldiers were moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and were without tents. A cold March rain came on, mingled with sleet, which lasted for several days. General Jackson got a severe cold but did not complain as he had to sleep in a muddy bottom among his half-frozen soldiers. Captain Allen and his brother John cut down a stout hickory tree, peeled off the bark, and made a covering for the general, who was with difficulty persuaded to crawl into it. The next morning a drunken citizen entered the camp, and seeing the tent, kicked it over. As Jackson crawled from the ruins the toper cried, "Hello, Old Hickory! come out of your bark and jine us in a drink."

QUODLIBETS.

It is said the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They are grave Diggers.

Sailors, though not generally a musical class, are always able to sound the C correctly.

"So dark and yet so light," as the man said when he looked at his ton of coal.

England had a witty poet in Hood; but America has one W(h)ittier.

Dogs are like Joe Miller, because they furnish wags with their tails.

Pawnbrokers' checks—Turnpike tickets on the road to poverty.

Take but two letters from money and there will be but one left.

When Time shall hang up his scythe he will be no mower.

When are ladies like loaf sugar?—When they are refined.

A horrible cannibal advertises for "a girl to cook."

Ground-and-lofty tumblers—Cut-glass goblets.

Would you open a dead lock with a skeleton key?

The only wages never reduced—The wages of sin.

The Impersonal in Beauty.

Beauty has an expression beyond and far above the one woman's soul that it clothes; as the words of genius have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them. It is more than a woman's love that moves us in a woman's eye—it seems to be a far-off mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there; the rounded neck, the dimpled arm, move us by something more than their prettiness—by their close kinship with all we have known of tenderness and peace. The noblest nature sees the most of this impersonal expression of beauty.

ONE MOON AGO.

[REPUBLISHED.]

Oh! moon so round and bonnie,
You smile upon me so,
You bring to me a vision,
Of just one moon ago;
Ah! you and I remember
A face then turned on thee;
Peep into his low window,
And tell me what you see.

Fair moon, I fear I'm jealous,
For you may linger where
I'd give a mine of diamonds,
If it would place me there;
Yet moon I love thee dearly,
You smile on both I know,
Although not now together,
As one sweet moon ago.

You clambered o'er the tree-tops,
We lingered on the hill;
A sense of blissful living
Our pulses seemed to thrill.
You gave us a fond blessing,
We passed inside the door,
To sit beside the window,
Upon the moonlit floor.

Leaning without the window,
I murmured—lovely scene!
And then a happy silence
Our voices fell between,
He whispered, "What is lovely?"
I answered scarce a word;
Within my heart was prisoned
A tiny warbling bird.

I listened to its music—
E'en now I pause to hear
The echoes of that singing
That comes unto mine ear;
I asked my little birdling
His name, robin or dove?
He gave me then no answer,
But now I know 'tis love. BEULAH.

THE SEA OF FIRE;

OR,

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

CHAPTER XI.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

On his return to Pará after the exciting events immediately following the forgery, Aubrey De Lancy found that Miguel and the other servants had reached home before him. They had heard nothing, seen nothing, done nothing. Their whole course of action had been to scour the edge of the forest, and to return to Pará as quickly as possible.

Had they been less regardful of their own ease, Aubrey thought bitterly, they might have saved Inez and the Ruby. But expostulation, futile at any time, would be wasted now.

His wounds, though not of a serious nature, were extremely painful. The physician peremptorily forbade him to think of moving from his hammock for at least ten days.

Lying there, in his light, airy room, he thought of the future, and laid his plans.

He sent for Seth, a negro servant, the only one of the household who spoke English.

"Seth, you were at home here while Miguel and the others were in the forest, were you not?"

"Yes, massa."

"Who called?"

"Nary a one, massa, 'cept ole massa."

"My father!"

"Yes—ole massa. He come back and he say dat de steemer hab change her mind—she not go until de ebening."

"Was that all?"

"Golly, no sir-e-e-e. He nearly wore de legs off dis yere chile a-makin' him run all frough de house for an iron box—by golly! if it was guinea gold de ole massa couldn't have set more store by it."

"You didn't find it?"

"Golly, no! He say dat he want it particular. He rumble in his trunk and not find it. What it gwine to? How a poor nigger to know?"

Seth scratched his head and rolled his eyes by way of expressing his complete ignorance.

"I sugeraoted," continued Seth, "dat it was in his trunk. He say he would look again, and if I see young massa send him down to de wharf. Den he went away, lookin' mighty black."

"The box is all right, Seth. I know where it is. I've just written a note for Señor de Vastro. Take it to his rosinha at once, and use all speed."

"Sartainly, massa."

"By the way, send Miguel in with my chocolate and whatever else he may have, and the book he will find in the verandah."

"To hear am to—to disobey, massa," said Seth, with a flourishing bow. He was fond of long words and sentences. He had been born in the United States, and he labored under the delusion that his color alone stood in the way of his becoming a great tragedian.

The note which Seth was carrying toward Señor de Vastro's rosinha contained a request that the señor would pay an immediate visit to Aubrey De Lancy.

While Aubrey breakfasted, he endeavored to think of a safe plan for breaking the news of Inez's abduction to her father.

He would have rather faced an armed enemy than this old man. His mind was in no state for planning anything, and the more he tried to think, the more confused he became.

At last Seth returned. He laid the unopened note on the table beside Aubrey's hammock.

"De señor am not at home. He am at present degaged in visiting in Pombal. He will come back in a week. De whole plantation am in a flosteration of excitement. Señorita Inez can't be found; as de poet says—'Dey looked on high, dey looked on low—'"

"That will do, Seth. You may go."

And Seth went out, muttering the rest of "de poet's" words.

Aubrey felt sufficiently grateful for this respite. But, he asked himself, was it not his duty to write to Señor de Vastro? There was no time to lose. The villain Burleigh had the advantage of a twelve-hours' start, and if the girl were to be rescued, pursuit should begin at once. Aubrey was, of course, ignorant that Burleigh had taken to the water, as it were. He thought it probable that he was making for some secluded haunt of his in the vast forest.

Aubrey shuddered at the thought of communicating the plain, unvarnished truth to the bereaved father. Looks and tones might have softened the hard fact, but that seemed beyond the power of unsympathizing ink and paper.

When Seth came in with more writing materials—for Aubrey spoiled his whole stock in trying to concoct a suitable epistle—his master asked him with whom Señor de Vastro was staying at Pombal.

Seth's curiosity had led him to find that out, and other minor particulars which Aubrey interrupted as they flowed from the negro's willing lips.

Señor de Vastro was at the house of his cousin, Baron de Val-Vert.

Aubrey pushed aside his pile of spoiled paper, and began a new letter, addressed to the Baron de Val-Vert. This was better than writing directly to de Vastro.

Having dispatched the letter, Aubrey lost himself in dolce far niente and his novel. There is no one that enjoys leisure as thoroughly as a sick person—that is, a person sufficiently ill to be free from active duty, and yet not ill enough to suffer anything beyond languor. Aubrey forgot all his cares for that day at least.

Before half a week had passed, Aubrey became very tired of his confined quarters.

Señor de Vastro came himself in answer to the letter. He was a tall, slight man, with a pale complexion and clear-cut features—in appearance a true Spanish caballero of the bluest blood.

It went to Aubrey's heart to see this usually proud man so utterly broken by the loss of his child. They had not known each other before, but when the young man's hand pressed his own in silent sympathy, Señor de Vastro's dry, burning eyes became moist.

"Tell me all, Señor De Lancy," he said, "I can bear it."

And Aubrey told him all, suppressing nothing.

"Thanks," the elder man said, when Aubrey had finished his plain, straightforward story. Señor de Vastro buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, Father," he murmured, "Thy will be done, but let me live to see her safe. Then give me death, if it be Thy will!"

Aubrey turned away. The grief and devotion of this man seemed too sacred for a stranger's eyes.

There was a long pause.

"My men are scouring the forest, and I have sent parties to the adjacent islands," said de Vastro. "I am about to start immediately for Mexiana at the head of a trusty band."

"I will join you," said Aubrey. "Another day of doing nothing here will finish me, and if I must die, I prefer to die in harness."

Seth entered at this moment, and ceremoniously pulling the gray lock of wool on his forehead by way of salutation to the stranger, he announced:

"A pistol from the Chief of Police."

"What?"

"A pistol from the Chief of Police," he repeated, pompously, giving Aubrey a note.

"An epistle, I suppose you mean, Seth." Aubrey tore open the note, and perused it eagerly.

"Hurrah!" he cried, jumping from the hammock. "Burleigh's Tapuya, Juan, has been caught! My coat, Seth! My hat and boots at once!"

"But, massa, de physishin say—"

"Mind your business, Seth. Do as I tell you."

Seth resignedly brought the required articles, murmuring something about, "'Physishin am in vain,' as de poet says." Aubrey quickly put them on, and declared himself ready to go to the jail for the purpose of examining Juan.

Señor de Vastro remonstrated, but Aubrey was obstinate.

Juan, bolder than the rest of the band, had ventured back to Pará, trusting to elude the vigilance of the authorities by his own cunning and the connivance of his fellow Tapuyas. He had not succeeded, however, and he now lay, sullen and silent, in the Pará jail.

It was difficult to make him speak at all, and it was only by liberally bribing him that Aubrey and Señor de Vastro learned that Rosa Burleigh had, with Inez, left in the Gloria.

"We will follow them at once!" said Aubrey.

De Vastro shook his head. "I distrust the Indian," he said, "he may be misleading me in the interest of his master."

"I think not. Burleigh is either English or American—"

"American! That woman, his sister, was from the United States. Fool that I was, not to discern her true character sooner!"

"He is from the United States, let us say. The police are after him and his sister. Both of them have committed crimes which make this country—or, at least, the civilized portion of it—too hot to hold them. What would be more probable than that they should seek to leave it for some part of the United States?"

"I can't trust that Indian," de Vastro said. "He helped to carry out the nefarious plot that leaves me heart broken. No! That red demon could not speak the truth!"

As Aubrey looked into Señor de Vastro's burning eyes, and heard his shrill, discordant voice, he questioned whether grief had not made the man insane.

"When her mother died I was wild with sorrow," de Vastro continued in a softened voice, speaking rapidly. "Now I rejoice that she is dead. Hers was a tranquil, happy death. Had she lived to this day, she would have died in despair."

They had left the prison, and were walking along the principal street.

"I will do my best to restore your daughter to you," said Aubrey. "I am sure that any search for her made here, in this city, or province, or all Brazil, would be without effect. The United States is the place to seek her."

"I fear you are wrong, señor," said de Vastro, gently.

"I will prove myself right," returned Aubrey. "I will start for New York in the first vessel that sails. I'll do as much as I can toward winding up the business here, and leave the rest to the clerks."

Señor de Vastro clasped his hand, and said in an agitated voice—

"You may be on a false scent, señor, but your conduct is none the less noble. Depend upon it, your affairs shall not suffer while I am here."

"Thank you, señor. I am but hastening my intended departure by a few weeks."

Aubrey ascertained that the brig Thetis would sail for New York in three days' time. He engaged a passage in the Thetis.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE ISLE OF THE SUN.

To wind up the affairs of the bank in three days seemed to Aubrey, in spite of his impetuous determination to follow Inez—a determination which carried him over all minor obstacles—an almost impossible undertaking, and so, having done all he could, "he left the rest to the clerks" and to a certain Señor Matteo, whom de Vastro recommended, whose outer man resembled wrinkled parchment and whose whole soul was concentrated upon business.

Aubrey did not waste much time on his own personal preparations. He took the Ruby from its iron casket, and hung it round his neck by another steel chain as he had done with the former one. He intended to restore it to his father and ask an explanation.

But there was one thing, the loss of which he felt more than even that of the other Ruby. This was Mildred Verne's souvenir—the half-finished sketch of pansies and forget-me-nots. He trusted Mildred Verne wholly; and, although for two years no token of her love had come to him, yet he never doubted her constancy. But the loss of the sketch—the only tangible object he possessed to remind him of her—seemed to take some brightness from his life. A cloud of anxiety, which was not yet doubt, troubled Aubrey. He was not given to analyzing his feelings, but he felt vaguely as if some undefined disaster was about to overtake him. I think I have mentioned before that Aubrey was not free from superstition, and the loss of his two cherished treasures, the stone and that painted piece of canvas, preyed on his mind.

It has been said that perfect love casteth out fear; but this is only true of divine love. Human love is rarely without a tincture of selfishness, and where there is selfishness, there is never perfect trust. Aubrey De Lancy grew restless. Why had she not written? Had she forgotten him? The latter thought was always repelled with a flush of generous indignation; but it occurred to him very often of late.

Time would clear the mystery, however, and as Aubrey sailed from Pará one glorious morning, he thought that time very near. He contrasted his departure from Pará with his arrival in that city. He had come there penniless, but rich in hope and a firm purpose to hew his way to fortune for Mildred Verne's sake. He was going away with a part, at least, of his purpose accomplished. His connection with the bank had not been pecuniarily profitless, and he was the only son and heir presumptive of Ralph De Lancy. There was now no obstacle to his union with Mildred.

His heart gave a great bound as they entered the vast, restless ocean. Perhaps these graceful waves so lovingly lapping the side of the Thetis, might have once broken upon some sandy beach in his own country. He strained his eyes in watching the distant horizon, as if his sight could pierce into the far distance where home lay.

Amid his daily routine of duties he had never experienced anything like homesickness, but in the enforced idleness of the voyage, a kind of fever seized him—a burning eagerness to see once again home and Mildred Verne.

It was well he could no more easily pierce the future than he could the horizon, for months of heart-sick, weary waiting were between his home and him.

One morning, Captain Moyer, of the brig Thetis, came aft, where Aubrey was seated, silently watching the ocean, with an unread book in his hand. The captain's face was unusually grave.

"I'm afraid the ship's a-fire, Mr. De Lancy."

"Fire? Where?" Aubrey was all attention at once.

"Come for'ard, and tell me what you think of it."

Aubrey followed him to the forecastle.

From the open hatchway a dense volume of smoke was pouring, and the men who had begun the work of clearing out the cargo were forced to cease for fear of suffocation.

They then opened the after hatchway, but the smoke was equally dense. Every exertion was used to extinguish the fire, but with no effect.

At last all hands were called to get out the boats. The gig and long-boat were soon afloat. Aubrey was the only passenger, and when the crew had stocked the boats with spars, spare canvas, to serve as sails, and pork, biscuits, water, &c., he and the captain left the brig the last of all; the captain being loaded with his charts and instruments of navigation, while Aubrey carried his portmanteau and books. The long-boat was dry, and leaked so greatly that all hands were at once employed in baling the rising water from the bottom of the boat, in which a mass of miscellaneous articles was soaking.

All these things took time, and amid the work and excitement no one had noticed that evening was falling.

The inflammable cargo, consisting mostly of India rubber and balsam of copaiba, began to boil and bubble like a witch's cauldron, and soon the whole brig, from stem to stern, was a huge flame. The fire mounted to the sky and reddened the darkening clouds. The surrounding ocean blushed and flashed in the crimson glare. Even the atmosphere seemed aflame.

The heat became scorching, and the boats dropped astern, keeping, however, as near as possible to the burning vessel, for the light might perchance attract a passing ship.

Through the darkness of the night, the ship glowed and flamed. Between the tall mainmast and the fire, the struggle was grand and appalling. The mast seemed endowed with life as it writhed and cracked, at last falling into the sea.

The spectacle was magnificent; but even amid the exhilaration which such a scene imparts, the hearts of the castaways grew involuntarily less bold and brave at the thought that the ship—their ocean-home—would in a few hours be scattered through the elements.

When the gray light of morning broke, the Thetis had burned to the water's edge. No sail came in sight, and the boats in company moved away from the wrecked Thetis.

For ten days they alternately rowed and sailed as the wind changed. Ten long, weary days, during which the men became pale and hollow-eyed, and the captain lay, part of the time, ill of fever, for the water had run short. On the eleventh day, it seemed as if death or madness had marked them all, when black clouds gathered and rain fell.

Oh, blessed rain!

Rough sailors who from childhood had never said a prayer, raised their hands in thanksgiving for this merciful relief. Tongues of human mould could never tell all that this rain from Heaven was to them.

Night came, and the rain still fell. A sudden flash of lightning pierced the darkness, and revealed sombre lines of rock above the brim of the distant sea.

The captain, who had been leaning heavily against the side of the boat, cast away the sail in which he was wrapped, threw up his arms, and shouted wildly.

"Land!"

Another livid flash.

"Land! Land!" the men re-echoed.

The captain fell back against Aubrey. In alarm, Aubrey gazed into his face. The fever-flush had faded. He would never step upon the land in the distance. The captain of the Thetis was dead.

The men, strengthened and hopeful, bent to the oars; but wind and waves were against them. The sea whirled the gig away into the darkness, and as the long-boat reached the outer line of rocks that guarded the land, the white-capped breakers rushed upon it, and, roaring madly, cast it against the iron-hearted boulders.

Aubrey De Lancy felt his head strike something hard and sharp. Pain blinded him, and shut out everything.

When consciousness returned, he was lying on the sandy beach beyond the reach of the breakers.

The sunlight flashed in his eyes as he opened them. At first he saw nothing but the dazzling light. After awhile he was able to distinguish several dusky forms moving around him.

He half closed his eyes and watched them. They were Indians. Of what tribe he could not tell. They wore huge ornaments in their ears and coronets of some pink-tinted stones or shells. Their scanty clothing bore no resemblance to that of the more civilized Tapuyas of Pará.

A group of them stood farther along the beach, engaged in examining some object which Aubrey conjectured to be the remnants of the long-boat.

Not far away lay the corpse of the captain. Aubrey shuddered, and a deadly faintness overcame him as he saw it.

Aubrey was not proficient in the Tapuya dialects. He was imperfectly acquainted with the Lingoa Geral—the language commonly used among the whites and Indians in Pará. A voice spoke near him, using a strange language, of which Aubrey understood a word here and there.

"This white is alive," said the voice, coming nearer.

Aubrey raised himself on his elbow, and looked around. Two Indians came and bent over him. One was an old man, with a brown face as stern and immobile as if it had been cut from stone. He walked erect and stately, though the white hair falling almost to the girdle of his tunic proclaimed his age. A large necklace of jaguar's teeth was his only ornament.

The other Indian was a young man with nothing noticeable about him, except the great development of the muscles of his chest and arms.

"The white must die with the rest. We will sacrifice him to the great king, the Sun," said the old man.

Aubrey dimly understood the words. He turned to the old man.

"Are you a chief?" he asked, using the Lingoa Geral.

"I am chief of the people on this island," answered the old man, proudly, using the same language. "I am Chincha, called by the pale-faces Fernando."

"What island is this?"

"It matters not what your nations call it. We, children of the Sun, have named it after our lord and master."

"Your lord and master?"

"The Sun."

This, then, was the Isle of the Sun. Aubrey was still all in the dark as to his whereabouts. "The Isle of the Sun," he had never seen the name on the charts belonging to the Thetis.

There was a wound on Aubrey's head inflicted by the sharp edge of the rock against which he had been thrown. The wound was not painful, though sufficient to make him feel dull and hardly able to think.

He attempted to arise, but tottered and fell again.

Chincha made a gesture with his hand, and the young Indian grasped Aubrey in both arms, and carried him up from the beach to a clump of palm-trees, among which stood a large shed, or wigwam, closed on all sides except toward the east.

In this wigwam Aubrey found two of the crew, tied by means of twisted thongs to the poles that supported the roof.

The young Indian dropped him roughly upon a pile of skins, and left the hut.

Aubrey looked sadly at the two sailors. His eyes spoke what his voice could not be trusted to ask.

"Gone—all gone, sir," said Jim Spencer, who had been in the gig. "Both boats cast ashore with only us three and the captain, and he, poor fellow! is well out of the clutches of these red devils!"

The young Indian entered with gourds containing farina and the fruit of the peach-palm.

Aubrey ate a little, and felt better for it; but the sailors soon emptied the gourds. The young Indian bound Aubrey with thongs, and squatted beside him, rising respectfully when Chincha came in.

"Why do you treat us in this manner, chief?" demanded Aubrey. "You are not at war with the whites."

Chincha drew himself up to his full height.

"Our tribe will wage war against the whites until our lord the Sun is satisfied, and his sons once more govern as our Incas did of old, and raise temples in his honor."

"That time will never come, chief."

"You lie, pale face!" exclaimed Chincha, his face darkening with a sudden fury. "The time will come when the Sun is appeased—when we, his children, shall have sacrificed to him as many victims as our ancestors did."

Aubrey shuddered, and glanced at the sailors, who in blissful ignorance of the tenor of the conversation, had sunk into the arms of sleep, and were snoring peacefully.

"Of what tribe are you?" asked Aubrey.

"Of no tribe and of every tribe. Listen, and judge if the pale faces should expect mercy at our hands. I and six of my companions were forced from our dwellings in Caxamarca, and carried at night, bound hands and feet, on board an European vessel. Months of blows, of curses, of dreadful torture, we passed on that ship. We, children of the Sun, were slaves! We watched, we waited, we obeyed our masters, and became expert sailors. One night the sea rushed into the ship through a large hole in her side. It was our work. The crew and passengers ran to the boats; but we had taken care to make all useless, except one. In that—you see it yonder, drawn upon the beach—we kept near our ship until it sank. Then we escaped to this island. The children of the Sun are free!"

"This island is a large domain for seven men," observed Aubrey, feeling uncomfortable under the fiery eyes of the chief.

"Seven!" exclaimed Chincha, with a harsh laugh. "We were but seven; we number hundreds now. There have been revolutions in Pará, and each brought a fresh accession to our number. We are all animated by one spirit—hatred of our conqueror. We are all sworn to propitiate the Sun by shedding their blood. To-morrow at sunrise you shall die!"

In spite of his attempt at stoical self-control, Aubrey turned paler, and sank back against the pole, to which he was tied.

Chincha hastily called for water, and threw aside the pilot-coat in which Aubrey was enveloped. As it happened, the chain, attached to the Ruby by strong steel wire net-work that entirely surrounded the gem, had worked itself outside of Aubrey's undergarments. The chief took the chain in his hand.

"Bring water," he cried, as several Indians entered. "The victim of the Sun must not die yet."

But a change came over his face. He was looking at the Ruby. He turned it toward the light, and examined it narrowly. Then he reverently replaced it on Aubrey's neck.

"I am better," said Aubrey. "It was only a sudden faintness. I fear not death at your hands, chief. I thought for an instant of one—"

"Unbind him!" commanded Chincha. "See! On his bosom burns the Sea of Fire—the Ruby of the Incas. Unbind him! We cannot harm him! He is free!"

The young Indian who had carried Aubrey up from the beach instantly obeyed; and Aubrey started to his feet. His first thought, after his bewilderment had passed away, was of the two sailors.

"And my companions? Will you not also release them?"

"No," replied Chincha, sternly. "They must die. We cannot harm the possessor of the Sea of Fire—for he is sacred—nor can we deprive the Sun of his victims."

During that day Aubrey was an honored guest in the hut of Chincha.

He was at perfect liberty as far as his movements were concerned; but he did not make use of it. He lay in a state of apparent weakness all day in Chincha's hut.

Toward midnight he arose and stole to the wigwam where the prisoners were confined. The wigwam was open toward the east. The Indian guard lay asleep. Aubrey stooped and secured his knife of broad bamboo.

It was his intention to cut the thongs that bound the captives, and with the men, to seize the boat that Chincha had pointed out. Unluckily, the sleeping sailor, whom Aubrey tried to awaken gently, uttered a startled exclamation. The noise roused the guard, who threw himself on Aubrey before the latter could cut the thongs. The alarm was sounded. Aubrey was dragged back to Chincha's hut, and closely watched during the rest of the night.

Shortly after sunrise, Chincha entered the hut. He led Aubrey to the door, and pointed to the eastern rocks of the island. From the highest of these a volume of smoke was rising.

"The smoke of sacrifice greets our king!" cried Chincha. "He smiles. His forehead glows with joy! Look! he pushes aside the clouds, to smell the ascending incense."

Aubrey turned away, sick at heart.

The sweet morning breeze caressed his brow. The stately palms waved around him. The ocean was dimpling into smiles as the sun's rays fell upon it. Everything around had awakened to the brightness and freshness of a new day of life, yet two human lives had been just blotted out with horrible torture. And he had escaped that same fate by a hair's breadth!

It was not strange that Aubrey De Lancy felt sick at heart.

Day after day, Aubrey sat on the highest rock, waiting for a vessel to come in sight. One white sail passed, but, though the Indians treated him with respect, believing that his presence among them secured good fortune to them, they would not allow him to make signals.

Day after day, hoping, despairing, he watched; and day after day, he watched in vain. Months passed, and he was still a captive on the Isle of the Sun.

And Mildred—did she think of him?—pray for him? And, cruel doubt which added intensity to his agony!—was she true to him?

CHAPTER XIII.

A BOY'S SCRIBBLING.

When it became known on board the Gloria that the Val-Verts had suddenly disappeared with the gig, the majority of the passengers were surprised but less shocked than might have been the case had the soi-disant Mademoiselle Val-Vert been a less fascinating personage and her brother a mere commoner instead of a baron.

How it had been done was still a mystery to Captain Durivage, who growled and grumbled like an enraged mastiff. The men on the watch that night could have told him; but Burleigh had bribed them well, and, in consequence, they let the captain storm, loudly protesting their innocence of any knowledge of the affair.

The truth was, that being so near New York, and discovering by Felix Brierwood's imprudent revelation, that they were known, the Burleighs had concluded that flight was their best resource. Burleigh had no difficulty in bribing the men on the watch. He made it worth their while to brave the short-lived anger of Captain Durivage. They even assisted him to lower Inez into the boat, while Laura stifled her screams as best she could.

Amid the excitement of preparing to land, the passengers of the Gloria had but little time to give to the subject. A week ago, it would have been a topic of most absorbing interest, but now they contented themselves with pitying poor Mademoiselle Val-Vert, and presuming that some vagary of the insane baronne was at the bottom of the strange proceeding.

Ralph De Lancy and Dr. Bulstrode were inconsolable at the loss of their enchantress.

Rose Durivage enjoyed the mischievous pleasure of confidentially enlightening the captain as to the true character of his late passengers, and of mystifying her Irish admirer at the same time.

Neil Ruxton had asked her a certain question that morning—the morning on which they were to land. Rose had no intention of giving a more definite answer than she had given at least half a dozen times during the voyage, for this was not the first time he had asked her to be his wife.

But this was his last chance, and he had resolutely opposed all evasions. Rose loved her liberty too well to surrender it yet, and she was a born coquette. At her wit's end for an answer that would satisfy her lover for the present without committing herself, she referred him to her uncle, and then remembering that the captain would probably send him back to her, she promised to ask the old gentleman herself.

"Well," asked Ruxton, anxiously, as Rose came from the captain's room, without having mentioned the subject. "Well, what did he say?"

"Nothing," said Rose, averting her face.

"Faith, silence means consent!" he returned, dropping his travelling bag, preparatory to seizing Rose in his arms.

"In Ireland, perhaps, but not here. Do behave yourself. I don't think my uncle likes Irishmen."

"Oh, indeed! Faith, I've the same objection to Yankees."

"And you condescend to make an exception in my favor," said Rose, delighted at the prospect of getting out of the difficulty by means of a quarrel. "With all my faults—"

"I love you still. Come, Rose, give me one word of comfort before I'm off. I go south, you know."

"I hate you, and I will never marry you," said Rose, edging toward the door of the saloon, "but a girl never means what she says, you know. Good-bye, good-bye!"

She slammed the door, and disappeared, leaving her admirer in a state between enthusiastic hope and frantic despair. He was unable to catch another glimpse of Rose during his stay on board, and he was finally obliged to depart in an exceedingly disconsolate state of mind.

Felix Brierwood resolved to find Inez de Vastro at all hazards, and having laid his report before the firm, and received glowing encomiums upon the thorough manner in which he had performed his task, he asked for two months' leave of absence. It was readily granted him, and he began his search by attempting to trace the gig.

As a preliminary step, he went to Captain Durivage, and asked for an exact description of the boat.

"Why, bless you, Brierwood, there's the boat itself!"

"I mean the gig stolen by that Burleigh," said Felix, a little impatiently. "Your own gig."

"So do I. There it is, hauled up high and dry."

There it certainly was.

"I don't understand it," said Felix.

"Wait a moment," said the captain, diving into his pockets.

"Ah, here it is—no it isn't. The truth is, now Rose has gone home, there is nobody to keep my papers in order. This is it."

He gave Felix a sheet of note paper.

"I put the police on Burleigh's track—that is, I described him and the gig, promising a reward; but nothing came of it. The day before yesterday a man came to me saying that the boat was moored to the steamer. It was hardly light yet. I came on deck and found the gig moored to the Gloria, as he had said. That note was found under one of the seats."

Felix read the note. It was in French, written in a bold legible hand.

"DEAR CAPTAIN DURIVAGE:—I return your boat which I was compelled to borrow for a time. In extenuation of my seemingly extraordinary seizure of your property, I will state that circumstances rendered the proceeding necessary. Further explanations, in making which, details of my wife's insane paroxysms must necessarily be given, are too painful for me at present. Should we ever meet, I shall be happy to explain my reason for borrowing your gig.

"With the deepest respect, &c.,
"PIERRE DE VAL-VERT."

"The scoundrel!" cried Felix. "But what could have induced him to write this?"

"He wants to shut my eye up; but he can't, my boy," returned the captain with a wink expressive of concentrated wisdom. "Don't you see it's safest after all to return the gig? It is not probable he has any use for it, and now that it is in the hands of its rightful owners it can't betray him. Don't you see?"

"Yes, plainly, but I was speaking of the note—"

"Well, let us suppose the real Baron Val-Vert was on board the Gloria. His wife is insane, let us say. One night she falls or jumps overboard, which is evidently what Burleigh wishes us to infer. Instead of giving the alarm, the baron unlooses the gig, takes his sister and rows after her." The captain laughed. "Now, if the real baron would do these things, the real baron would certainly not keep the gig, nor would he fail to send an apology for borrowing it without permission. Burleigh puts himself in the real baron's place, and does as he thinks the real baron would do. He and I may meet again, and there's no use making an enemy of me. Besides, although you know his real name and character, it is possible that you may not have enlightened me. You understand?"

"I think so."

"But it's too thin, my Lord Burleigh—it's too thin," said the captain, laughing. "The best laid schemes, &c. The Gloria starts again day after to-morrow."

"So soon?" said Felix, looking at the note closely. "Have you noticed that there's no date or name of place on this precious epistle?

"Yes. You'll not be able to trace him by that."

"The police—"

"Bother the police! The police can't work on nothing."

"Nothing? Do you mean— What's that writing in the bottom of the gig?"

They both bent down and read in long, straggling letters, made with chalk, a name scrawled all over the inside of the boat.

It was—"Jimmy Trumbull."

Felix examined it in silence.

"Had you a passenger or sailor of that name?" he asked, at last, while the captain watched him with an amused face.

"No. I think not."

"Are you positive, captain?"

"Positive, as to this last voyage."

"In that case, I will advertise for this Jimmy Trumbull."

"You're a fool, Brierwood," said the captain, laughing good-humoredly. "Why the deuce can't you leave this scoundrel to the police?"

Felix reddened, but said nothing.

"The police will nab him one day or other. Fellows of his stamp always get caught sooner or later. Let Burleigh alone, and mind your own business, I say."

"Captain," said Felix, "what would you do if Rose were in the power of a wretch like Burleigh?"

"By George! I'd—I'd—" And Captain Durivage brought his fist down upon the rail with a thunderous and expressive thump.

"There is a lady in his power whom I have promised to help," said Felix, quietly. "I have never broken my word. I will advertise for Jimmy Trumbull at once. It may lead to something."

"And it may not."

"At least, there is a chance."

The captain shook his head.

"Going, Brierwood? Drop on board, and let me know how you're getting on."

"Poor fellow," said the captain, after he had gone, "he's in love with that Spanish girl. Poor fellow!"

Felix advertised in the principal New York papers, offering a reward to any Jimmy Trumbull who could give him certain information.

Two Jimmy Trumbulls called at his hotel, and professed themselves willing to give him any amount of information about themselves, but neither of them lived near the water, and neither of them had seen Rosa Burleigh or the gig of the Gloria.

At the end of the week, a tall, sailor-looking man, with red hair came, leading a small, sailor-looking boy, also with red hair.

"You advertised, sir"—in a stage whisper—"make your bow, Jimmy."

The small boy bobbed his small red head twice, and then sat on his chair very upright, evidently expecting to be congratulated on his performance.

"For a Jimmy Trumbull," said Felix. "Is that your name?"

"That's your man," said the person addressed, covering the boy's head with his huge hand.

"I'm Jimmy Trumbull, sir."

"I'm his father, sir. He's a fine boy, sir—a fine boy. He'll grow older, sir—I mean he'll grow larger, sir." The sailor-looking man stammered and became incoherent in his anxiety to enumerate his son's excellences. "If you was thinkin' of 'doptin' him or settin' him up in business, I wouldn't object—for a consideration."

Felix smiled slightly.

"I merely want to ask him a question or two."

"Oh, I'll answer all questions," said the man. "He's my son. His name is Jimmy Trumbull. If you've taken a fancy to him, you're welcome to him cheap."

"But I haven't taken a fancy to him."

Father and son looked at each other in astonishment.

"My son-in-law, John Moore, read it in the 'Herald'—"

"When I've asked your son a few questions, I shall be done with him," said Felix. "If he gives me the information I require, I will pay him well."

"Brush up your brains, Jimmy," said his affectionate father.

"All right, dad." And the small boy wrinkled his forehead and squinted violently by way of "brushing up his brains."

"Can you write, Jimmy?" asked Felix.

"Awfully good. Can't I, dad?"

"Excuse me for interruptin'," said the paternal relative, who seemed unable to divest himself of the idea that Felix intended to bestow some unusual benefit on his hopeful son. "Excuse me, sir, but I was once in a lawyer's office in my young days. You maybe don't know that if you want to make a will in his favor, he can't be a witness to—"

"I have no such intention," said Felix, turning away to hide a laugh. "Do you ever play in boats, Jimmy?"

"Often. Don't I, dad?"

"Did you play in one on any day this week?"

"Them's foolish questions," broke in dad.

"I have reasons for asking them. If you want to earn some money without much trouble, you'll let him answer all the questions I ask."

Dad was silent.

"Do you remember playing in a boat painted white with a green stripe along the sides?"

"Look here, mister, the boy ain't agoin' to answer no questions without you make it worth while. If you fork over an X, I might know something about that boat myself."

"If you can tell me what I want to know, I'll make it twice that," said Felix, eagerly.

"Is that a bargain?"

Felix took out two ten-dollar notes, and placed them under a paperweight on the table.

"There's the money all ready," he said. "Now, where was that boat?"

"A white gig with a green stripe?"

"Yes, and a name?"

"The Gloria wasn't it—painted on the stern?"

"Where did you see it?"

"At pier No. —. It was there a day. I do jobs about the wharves, and I happened to be watching a lot of molasses, and Jimmy here brought my dinner down that day. Youngsters like to dabble in the water, you know, sir, so I just lifted him into the boat, and sat down to take my dinner in peace, when up comes a tall, brown-faced chap. He stood, and stared at me awhile.

"'Fine day,' says he, at last.

"'Hope you'll know me again,' says I.

"'Do you see that steamer out there?' says he.

"'Of course,' says I, 'it's the Gloria, Captain Darivage, South America.'

"'Right,' says he, 'I s'pose you wouldn't object to takin' that boat out to the steamer to-night for a consideration?'

"This was kinder suspicious-like, but 'twan't none of my business, so says I, 'Hand over the consideration, and I'll do it now.'

"'Not now,' says he, 'to-night about twelve. Be here, and I'll come down. Keep shady, if you care for your own interest.'

"So I kept shady, and at twelve the tall chap came, give me a V., threw a note into the boat, and told me to take the boat out to the Gloria, which I did, tying it to my own batteau and towing it out."

"Did you see the tall man when you returned?" asked Felix.

"Yes. He had been watching me, for he was just turning on his heel as I landed."

"Could you tell me what he was like?"

"I ain't much of a hand at that sort of thing. He was taller—much taller than you, sir—with a dark mustache, and dark, almost black eyes, very close together."

"Burleigh!" muttered Felix. "Can you tell me anything more about him?"

"Not much. I was nat'rally cur'us about the chap, and as I had no pressin' job on hand, I just kept shady, and followed him."

Trumbull looked dubiously at the money on the table, and hesitated.

"Go on!" cried Felix. "Go on!"

"Don't you think you might give a hard-workin' man another five for all this?"

"That depends whether all this is worthy of another five or not. If you can point out the place where this fellow went, I will have no objection to do so."

Felix had suddenly become cool, and the man determined to content himself with the extra five, instead of piling them on ad libitum.

"The tall chap walked a long distance through the smallest and darkest streets, and at last got into a street-car. I followed him, for I've got a family to support, and the police is always offerin' rewards for suspicious individooals. He got out at Forty-seventh street. I got out too, and kept on his track. He went into a house in Forty-seventh street. I waited, but he didn't come out."

"Would you know that house again?" asked Felix, endeavoring to conceal his excitement.

"Of course. There was a sign under the window. I struck a match and read it. It was, 'Madame Bourié, Clairvoyant.'"

"You will take me to that house at once."

"All right, but Jimmy—"

"You can leave him here, and return for him. Every minute is valuable."

"I say, mister, why did you ask about his writin'? He's a smart boy, and I shouldn't wonder if he's been in the papers as an infant prodigal. There's no knowin' what them reporters is up to. You didn't hear about his writin' in that way, did you?"

"No. He had scribbled his name in the bottom of the boat. That's the way I found you out," hurriedly answered Felix. "Come on."

"It ain't possible! Good-bye, Jimmy. We'll be back soon."

"Is he goin' to 'dopt me, dad?"

"No," cried dad, as Felix pushed him into the hall, "but he might do worse."

"He's a fraud," screamed the small boy bursting into tears. "Get more money out of him, dad?"

Dad chuckled and asked Felix if he didn't think Jimmy was a boy to be proud of.

The two were about half an hour in reaching Forty seventh street.

Trumbull stopped before a gloomy-looking, old-fashioned house. On the door and under one of the front windows was the name in faded gilt letters—

Madame Bourié, Clairvoyant.

Brierwood paid Trumbull, and took his address.

Making sure that his revolver was safe in his breast-pocket, he ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 30.)

☞ A Mr. Watheimer, of Louisville, Ky., has a medal which bears on one side a head of King David, and on the other the inscription in Hebrew, "You shall have but one God in the world." The date is "in the 70th year of the House of David," which, if genuine, makes the medal 3016 years old.

THREE TIMES.

BY MRS. S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

CHAPTER V.

> "The bridal song from high and low is still, the
> whole world o'er,
> 'To live my life with him, my love, my own for
> evermore!'" —*Harriet Martineau.*

"I am sure I heard some one moving, Alice."

"Only the wind, dear; we have been much too quiet to wake them. And you know they went to bed hours ago."

"One o'clock—yes," said Florence, meditatively. "I dare say they are all soundly sleeping. But oh, Alice, I feel so wicked, and I am so horribly frightened!"

I was horribly frightened too, now that matters had come to a point. I had to smother my own fears, however, and scold my companion.

"Come, Florence dear, pray make haste. The only real danger is in delay now; five minutes longer and we are safe."

"Good-bye, old home," whispered Florence, standing on the threshold and giving a lingering gaze around her; "I have been very miserable in you, yet I am very sorry to leave you"—with one more long wistful earnest look—a look which she felt to be her last; for we were running away.

We had crept down-stairs in the small hours, well muffled from the night air, but shivering with dread; each carrying, for all her worldly goods, such a tiny parcel as would contain her most valued trinkets; and now the hardest part of our task lay before us—to open the ponderous, tremendous hall-door, and let ourselves out without alarming the house.

Nervously we approached it, turned the heavy key, pushed back the bolts, and softly, link by link, with many listening pauses, let down the heavy chain, muffling it with our handkerchiefs as we did so.

Then the door creaked slowly back on its hinges, with three times the fuss as it seemed to me that it made in the daytime, and we rushed into the dreary shadow of some Scotch firs, lest the noise of the closing door should summon any one to the windows.

Reassured by the silence we stole across to the high gates, the wicket of which was only fastened by an inside bolt, and stepped into the road, looking anxiously for a carriage.

"'A little way from the house,' he said," whispered Florence; "but he didn't say whether right or left. What shall we do? If any one were to come by I should die of fright!"

"If a policeman were to come by he would probably take us up," said I, which practical view of the case did not tend to reassure my friend. "I think you had better go one way and I the other till we find the carriage."

A welcome voice close beside us superseded this excellent suggestion.

"Florence, my own, my dearest!"

Clasped in somebody's arms, she was insensible to any further terror or anxiety; and presently I quietly followed the ecstatic pair and subsided into a corner of the carriage and reflections which were not altogether unsatisfactory, in spite of certain twinges of conscience when the question of what my aunt and uncle would think of my part in the night's adventures occurred to me.

We were carrying out Arthur Balfour's programme in its entirety, and were now on our way to the house of a friend at Hampstead, with whom he had been staying for six or eight weeks. There we were to spend the night, and in their parish church Arthur and Florence were next morning to be married. Our host was to give Florence away, and after I had performed the duties of bridesmaid the young couple were to start at once for the Continent, first leaving me at the nearest station to Hillside House, as of course my return to Kensington was out of the question.

It seemed an age to me, though I suppose it was barely two hours, before our carriage stopped at a little villa, of which the pale winter moon only allowed me to see that it was semi-detached, and had a small garden in front. We were evidently expected, for lights flashed from two or three windows before the coachman could knock, and a gentleman was instantly at the gate.

"Safe arrived then, Balfour? Very glad of it, my dear fellow. Allow me to help you. I thought it better"—here he dropped his voice—"to send the servants to bed."

All this time he was helping us to alight, and giving me his arm to the hall, where a graceful woman apparently about thirty, in a pretty evening dress, was welcoming Florence and Mr. Balfour. After introducing us to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, thanking me in a few cordial words for helping and encouraging his Florence to escape, and bidding her good-bye "for the last time, and only for a few hours," Arthur left us, and Mrs. Gordon at once led the way up-stairs.

"I felt sure you would have a great deal to say to each other to-night," she said, smiling, "so I had a bed made up for Miss Mostyn in the dressing-room. Do not hesitate to ring if you require anything, I shall be up a little longer." She half-turned to leave the room, and then added hesitatingly, showing us a large neat-looking black travelling-trunk—"Mr. Balfour asked me to provide you with a few things till your wardrobe could follow you, Miss Cope; I hope you will like what I have chosen. And I am aware that you will be married under rather peculiar circumstances,"—she was blushing as much as Florence now—"and as there is almost a superstition among brides as to a proper bridal costume, and yet you must wear nothing to-morrow to attract attention, I have ventured to have a light silk made to fit you as nearly as possible from description, over which you can wear a large travelling cloak; and I have put with it my own wreath and veil, which I can myself bring back from the church after the ceremony, if you don't mind wearing it."

Florence impulsively threw her arms round Mrs. Gordon's neck and kissed her.

"Oh, how good you are!" she cried, and could get no further; but her eyes and her voice sufficiently expressed her gratitude.

"My dear," said Mrs. Gordon gently, "no one can help sympathizing with you. The wedding things are in that wardrobe," pointing to one with glass doors which stood opposite the foot of Florence's bedstead. "Here is the key, if you would like to have a peep at them. Now you must promise to have two or three hours' rest, and I shall be obliged to call you very early."

When our hostess had left us, Florence flew to the wardrobe.

"Oh, how pretty, how charming!" she exclaimed as the open door disclosed folds of pearly silk and filmy lace, and the symbolic orange-blossom crowning all. "Alice, I did not like the idea of being married in this dark dress and hat, it would not have been lucky. No, don't shut the doors; I want to be able to see it by the firelight if I wake in the night, and convince myself that it is not all a dream."

And then, sitting with her bright hair unbound and falling over her shoulders, and her hand clasped in mine, Florence began to talk, so confidently and tenderly, of the happy life in store for her.

"It will be so delightful, Alice, to make some one else happy, to feel what I have never felt before, that I am necessary to some one else's happiness. I love Arthur, oh, so very dearly! And must he not love me very much to plan all this rescue?—a rescue from the grave, Alice, for I should have died of horror and despair in a very short time, if they had forced me to marry Mr. Malcolm. Do you think they will ever forgive me?"

"I hope so, darling."

"I must try to be a better wife than I have been daughter. But it will be so easy to be good when one is loved."

"Begin being good by going to bed now, there's a dear child. You will not look fit to wear white lace and orange-blossoms in the morning if you sit up all night."

"Oh, wasn't it kind of Mrs. Gordon to get it all ready for me? And how thoughtful of Arthur to ask her to provide that trunk. Could you have imagined any one being so thoughtful?"

At last I persuaded her to lie down, leaving just a feeble glimmer of gas alight, and setting open the door of communication with my little apartment. I threw off my own dress as quickly as possible, half worn out by the excitement of the day, and had barely lost consciousness when it was fully recalled by a loud scream from Florence.

I was by her side in a moment.

"My love, my dearest, control yourself. What is it?"

"That woman again! That Creole we saw at Mrs. Seymore's! There!—Alice, Alice, save me, I shall die!"

I looked in the direction of Florence's pointing finger, and saw, in truth, at first scarcely distinguishable in the dim light from the delicate garments by which she was standing, but growing horribly distinct before my fascinated gaze, the same frightful apparition.

The same, but with an added horror. The face, dusky before, was now livid with the ghastly pallor of the grave; the sunken eyes glowed with unearthly fire; the extended hands were those of a skeleton.

Suddenly she turned, with an indescribable look of angry despair, on the wedding robes, and seemed to rend them; then dwindled, vanished, as swiftly and completely as before.

Florence was sobbing and shivering with terror.

"Alice," she murmured, faintly, "do you remember what day this is?"

"Wednesday."

"No, no—the day of the month."

"The twenty-first of December."

"Yes—the anniversary of the very day we saw it first—two years ago!"

This coincidence added to the disabling horror which had crept over me.

"And my wedding-day!" cried Florence, frantically—"my wedding-day! Of all days in the year, to come back to me to-day!"

"It must have been our fancy, dear," I said, trying to reassure Florence, by all sorts of conjectures in which I had no belief whatever myself. "We are both nervous and excited, and have conjured up a phantom out of the dress and veil in this dim light; don't think any more of it."

"Oh, it was no fancy—besides, she tore my dress and veil. Didn't you notice? Come and see."

We hurried together to the wardrobe. There lay the dress, wreath, and veil, a few hours since so carefully arranged, in a crumpled heap on the floor.

"Some one must have done this," said Florence, in an awe-struck whisper. "Oh, what can it be, what can it mean?"

"Perhaps some servant of Mrs. Gordon's, not knowing this room was occupied—"

"Oh, Alice, you know it was not a servant. Besides, the door is locked."

"Well, I cannot explain it," I said at last desperately. "I only know that it will very soon be time for you to dress. Pray lie down for a little while."

She obeyed, and closed her eyes, but I know we neither of us slept again; and when Mrs. Gordon's maid tapped at the door we were already stirring.

CHAPTER VI.

> "Never any more
> While I live,
> Need I hope to see his face
> As before;
> Once his love grown chill
> Mine may strive—
> Bitterly we re-embrace,
> Single still." —*Browning.*

It was a very pale, frightened, and serious bride whom we presently adorned; and though we did not mention the night's adventure to Mrs. Gordon, Florence once or twice confessed to me in the course of the morning that the awful vision haunted her, and made her even more depressed and anxious than was inevitable under the peculiar circumstances of her wedding.

Still she looked very lovely when the wreath crowned her long curls, and the veil floated round her gentle face; but we had not much time to spend in admiration, and a large cloak and shawl soon eclipsed the glories of her trailing silks.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Gordon started with us for the church, the large travelling trunk—most unorthodox appendage!—riding outside, as we were not to return to the villa.

Early though we arrived Arthur was there before us, and in the quiet of the cold winter morning Mr. Gordon gave Florence to him, while I confess to losing much of the solemnity of the service by peering scrutinisingly into the dim distant aisles, in fear lest some uninvited guest might yet forbid the union.

Nothing so tragical occurred, however. The ceremony was concluded, Mrs. Gordon had resumed possession of her sacred finery, and the bride and bridegroom were receiving congratulations, good wishes and adieux, long, I suspect, before Mr. and Mrs. Cope (who were not accustomed to see Florence very early in the morning) had discovered our flight.

When Mrs. Balfour and I parted, she had recovered her color and her smiles; and while my family were still discussing their early lunch, I scattered their serenity to the winds by walking into the oak parlor at Hillside.

I will not attempt to detail the hubbub of questions and comments which my entrance excited; I sat down till it had somewhat subsided, and then told my story as briefly as possible.

The boys, of course, were loud in admiration of our "pluck," and patronisingly asserted that they had not credited me with so much "go."

My guardian kept silence at first, tapping the table angrily with his clenched hand; then muttering, "I wish it had been all fair and above board," strode out of the room, unable to approve, but, as usual unwilling to condemn.

Aunt Bertha said gently, "I cannot hold you quite blameless, my dear; yet I am afraid I should have done much the same in your place. I hope it will all turn out well, I am sure, but these runaway matches seldom do. To be sure, I never heard of two young ladies running away at once with the same gentleman, so as the affair was altogether exceptional, perhaps the marriage may be an exceptionally happy one."

Next day brought a letter from Mrs. Cope, so bitter, harsh and unfeeling, that it went far to excuse Florence's rash act in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Wishart. In conclusion, the letter announced that Mrs. Cope had ordered my boxes to be sent to Hillside; "and as Miss Mostyn probably knows—what I do not know and never wish to know—the present address of my ungrateful and disobedient child, I have directed everything belonging to her to be packed and forwarded with them."

As soon as I could reasonably expect it I heard from Florence, who was in Italy, and described the change from the dull gloom of English winter to the flowers and sunshine of the South, as the counterpart of the change from the loveless harshness of her parents to Arthur's unceasing devotion. I showed the happy letter, brimming over with more than honeymoon enthusiasm, in triumph to Aunt Bertha, who only shook her head with the exasperating incredulity of forty years, and said, "Early days, my dear."

From this time the Balfours were pretty constantly moving, changing their residence with the changing seasons, till their came a long silence, and as my last letter had not been answered, I did not know where to send another. I regretted this the more, because I saw in the Times the announcement of Mr. Cope's sudden death from a railway accident, and I knew how great a shock this would give Florence, and how she would regret not having received his forgiveness. It must have been nearly a year after this event that I had a hurried note from her dated, to my surprise, from Beech Hall, Yorkshire, and saying that Mr. Balfour had decided on spending the winter in England, and she hoped I would at once pay her a long visit, as when they left home in the spring their return would be very uncertain.

The fog and chill of late October did not make a journey to the North of England a very inviting prospect, but I was too happy at the thought of seeing Florence again to care about externals. I was full of curiosity to see her home, and how she would play her part as its mistress. I had been brought up in an old-fashioned way, to know a great deal more about domestic affairs than is usual to young ladies now-a-days, and my thoughts took a very practical turn, for I caught myself sincerely hoping she had good servants, as I fancied she would be pretty much in their hands, owing to her youth and utter inexperience. But though I did not expect to find an immense amount of good management in her household, I had no doubt that there would be plenty of the "love that sweetens sugarless tea."

Meditating thus, and looking forward to a joyful meeting with Florence, and the pretty enthusiasm with which she would take me over her house and grounds, the journey through the chill autumn weather did not seem long or dull, though my only companion was my brother Sydney, whose stock of conversation was of a limited and somewhat monotonous character. He left me at the station with manifest reluctance, proceeding less from fraternal affection than from an intense desire to drive the saucy pony in the pretty little park carriage which had been sent for me. However, a return ticket and his guardian's commands were imperative, and I was committed to the guidance of a youth in a neat livery, whose small figure and withered face involuntarily reminded me of a jockey.

Beech Hall was a modern-sized, old-fashioned house, looking comfortable and substantial, though not at all picturesque. A wing had been added, apparently within the last century, but the rest of the house was after the style and period of Gibbons.

"Do not announce me," I said to the servant who took my card, "Mrs. Balfour expects me. If she is at home and alone, show me to her."

The man obeyed, and I followed him to a room on the ground-floor, whose half-open door allowed me to have the long, unobserved first look at Florence which I wanted.

If the change in her from the time of our parting at Fern Bank to our meeting at Kensington had been great, how much sadder and stranger was the change in her now!

She sat before a writing-desk, but the hand which held the pen lay idle beside her, and the other wearily supported her head. Her figure had become thin, as the black dress she still wore showed with painful distinctness. Her face had lost its delicate bloom, and its sharpened outline was more clearly defined by the altered arrangement of her lovely luxuriant hair, which no longer fell round it in curls, but was drawn up into a high coronet of plaits; her expression was thoughtful, even to gravity; and the rosebud mouth, that I remembered so ready for smiles, had settled into lines of quiet sorrow.

I gazed at her till my eyes filled with tears, and her name involuntarily escaped from my lips.

She started to her feet; a radiant color mounted to her cheeks, and her smile made her look again like my Florence of old, but she put her hand to her side and did not attempt to join me. I sprang toward her, and her arms were instantly clasped round my neck, with the old frank affection.

"Don't think this a cold welcome, Alice," she said at last; "I have not been strong lately, and I waited to get better before I sent for you, but any sudden emotion is still too much for me."

"I am sorry to see you looking ill, my darling."

"I have had a great deal of trouble during the last year. You heard of poor papa's death, of course? That decided our return to England; and at Mr. Balfour's desire we went to Kensington, though I felt sure it would not be of the slightest use. Of course mamma refused to admit us; she is not softened in the least toward me. And then Mr. Balfour called on papa's solicitors, much against my wishes; and how do you think papa's fortune was left, Alice?"

"I cannot possibly guess."

"To mamma for her life—and then, every penny of it, to Mr. Malcolm!"

Grave though the subject was, we could neither of us suppress a smile.

"So you see he has got what he wanted after all, and prosperity is rewarded according to the manner of this world. Mr. Balfour could scarcely believe it at first, he had felt so certain that, being the only child, they would forgive me when it was no longer of any use to be angry."

Mr. Balfour! She had not once called him Arthur, though that name had been so sweet to her, when we were last together.

"Is he quite well, Florence?"

"Yes, thanks. He is shooting with some friends, and will probably dine at home this evening. And that reminds me that I ought not keep you talking here so long. You will be glad to change your dress."

The interior of the house, as we passed through it, exactly corresponded with the exterior. There was nothing to find fault with as to order and convenience, but an utter want of the pretty tasteful trifles with which a woman is sure to surround herself where a home is loved as well as lived in, and whose absence so clearly indicates either a preoccupied and sorrowful heart or a very straitened purse.

When I entered the drawing-room Florence was sitting on a low couch, slowly turning over the pages of a magazine, and she looked up with a smile, making room for me by her side. In her evening dress of black silk her altered appearance was very noticeable, but I was compelled to own that her beauty had gained in interest and refinement what it had lost in lustre. The new arrangement of her hair displayed the graceful shape and pose of her head, and its bright hue seemed heightened by her loss of color. By a corresponding change the gentle dignity of her manner compensated for the old animation; and but that both manner and appearance indicated ill-health, I should soon have been reconciled to the transformation.

Mr. Balfour, who was chatting with a friend in a large bay-window which overlooked a glossy tree-shaded lawn at the back of the house, crossed the room to speak to me, and in him I found no change at all. He looked as handsome as ever, as cynical, as self possessed, and his greeting was perfectly polite, without the slightest grain of cordiality or good will. I was sorry to find my old dislike and distrust of him, which had vanished under the warmth and earnestness of his manner at the time of his marriage, return in full force.

The evening passed pleasantly enough; Major Calville, the friend, was a lively, intelligent man, just returned from "doing penance at Gib," and ready to be very well pleased at resuming the ordinary comforts and conveniences of English home-life. Mr. Balfour and he were both good talkers and both sang tolerably to Florence's accompaniment; though there was a restless impatience in our host's manner, under all its enforced courtesy, which struck me very unpleasantly.

The gentlemen sought the smoking-room early, leaving Florence and me to a long chat over old times before parting for the night.

Next morning at breakfast—why do people invariably choose breakfast time, which ought to be a pleasant preparation for the inevitable worries of the day, to broach unpleasant topics or make unpalatable suggestions?—during breakfast the family skeleton peeped out of his closet for a moment, and I got a slight clue to Florence's altered looks.

Major Calville had not yet appeared, and our first cups of coffee were cooling, when Mr. Balfour said to his wife, with what I could not help thinking was assumed carelessness—

"By the way, now you are stronger, you had better take the opportunity of Miss Mostyn's visit to have some people to dinner."

Florence looked gravely up from her letters, but did not reply.

"I have already asked Towers," he paused again.

"I have already told you I shall not receive him."

"Nonsense! at all events he is invited, and he will come with the rest."

"I am not obliged to see him. I shall not come down to dinner."

"Surely you will not treat your guests so rudely?"

"He is not my guest."

"And would you compel Miss Mostyn to dine in her own room?"

"Alice will not mind dining with me, And my health is sufficient excuse to any one else."

"Some people's ill-health is extremely convenient. You were so very much better when you wanted to drive to the station yesterday."

Florence made no reply.

"On this occasion, at all events, you must appear, as Lady Towers will be here."

"I decline to invite her," said Florence, speaking quietly but with rising color.

"Fortunately she need not wait for that, as I have already done so."

"You have invited her?"

"Certainly. Oh, we are all too old acquaintances to stand on any ceremony or nonsense, if that is what you mean."

"She accepted an invitation from you!" repeated Florence, with an indescribable expression of scorn.

"I have said so once, have I not? And Florence, I request that you treat her civilly, and don't give way to any confounded obstinacy or jealousy or pique, such as you sometimes treat her to."

She was too hurt, perhaps too angry to expostulate then, and was about to leave the table, when Major Calville entered, and Florence resumed her seat, outwardly undisturbed.

"You know Lady Towers, Calville?"

"A deuced fine woman," replied the major, busy with his game pie, and happily unconscious that he was treading on dangerous ground.

"So I think; which is probably the reason why Mrs. Balfour regards her with invincible prejudice."

This was an outrageous speech, and Florence turned whiter than her morning-dress. But Major Calville had the good sense to take it as a joke, and laughed.

"Well I shouldn't think she was quite in Mrs. Balfour's style," he said good-humoredly. "Poor Towers's taste is rather loud in liveries, carriages, furniture and wives."

"Is he a modern Blue Beard, then?" I inquired, to break the wretched silence.

"Why no, Miss Mostyn, not that I am aware of. I only spoke in the plural to make my numbers agree, you know."

Presently we all left the table, and Florence, after a questioning gaze at the sky, said she would drive me to the village.

For some time we rode in silence. When I suppose about three miles had been traversed—

"There!" said Florence, reining up on the brow of a hill, "we have a fine view and a fine breeze here, have we not? I wanted to blow away the atmosphere of home, Alice. Pleasant, is it not, to long most of all to shake off that which there can be no mode of escape from—except death—except death! though I sometimes hope," she added, in a low voice, addressed rather to herself than me, "that may not be very far distant."

"I am sorry you are so much weaker than of old, Florence."

"Why, you see—wake up, sir; wake up, Sancho, and leave off nibbling that grass, you have rested quite long enough—you remember I was always easily upset, and people were told to keep me quiet and humor me, and indulge me for fear of consequences. And things never run on wheels in this world for long together, so people as absurdly constituted as I am must bear the brunt."

"I am afraid, Florence," I said, hurriedly, "I am afraid it is not only health; I don't think you are quite happy, and I can't help reproaching myself—"

She stopped me, just touching my lips with her disengaged hand.

"Hush, my dear. We won't speak on that subject. There is a fate in these things; you were not at all to blame."

CHAPTER VII.

> "To worship idols, and to find them clay,
> And to bewail that worship." —*Felicia Hemans.*

Little more was said about the dinner-party till the appointed day arrived. Florence told her housekeeper to inquire of Mr. Balfour how many were expected, and left all further arrangements to her—taking no interest herself in providing flowers or fruit, or arranging her rooms to the best advantage, or any of the easy tasks so pleasant to most young wives. Yet no one could say that any actual duty was neglected; indeed she often surprised me by the care and regularity with which they were all performed, and the scrupulous exactness with which the interests of those around her were respected. But it was all lifeless and joyless, and infinitely painful to witness.

Florence dressed for the dinner-party with the same absolute indifference, and if she looked fair in her black crape dress and sprays of white syringa, it really seemed to be in spite of herself.

But she came into my room to superintend my toilet with something of her old animation, and was pleased to express approval of my rose-colored silk.

We went down-stairs together, and found several gentlemen assembled, the appearance and style of all whom, save one, I disapproved entirely. The majority of them looked, I thought, "horsy;" were loud dressers and loud talkers, and paid their devoirs to us with that ostentation of homage which is so palpably insincere.

Then there was a sprinkling of "sons of the soil;" not that intelligent order which has sprung up of late years, but a type only a few degrees above the Squire Westerns and Tony Lumpkins of a past generation.

The exception was a Mr. Cecil, whose open, kindly young face, with its expression of honest energy, was the only one in the whole room, I felt certain, to which a child would accord its intuitive trust. He was good-looking, too, though not strikingly handsome; and well-read, though by no means a bookworm. His manner was as frank and cordial as his appearance promised. He joined us immediately on our entrance, and made the unhappy half-hour before dinner belie its name.

"I am very glad you have come to take care of Mrs. Balfour," he said to me. "She looks as though she needed taking care of, does she not? I don't think she goes out half enough, for I have not seen her beyond her own grounds for an age."

"I cannot manage long walks or rides now," said Florence, quietly, "and I get tired of always driving alone. It will be different with Miss Mostyn."

"Yes, you must show Miss Mostyn our fine bold country. There are some capital points of view within reach, though the immediate neighborhood is not remarkable."

At this moment "Sir John and Lady Towers" were announced, and Mr. Cecil gave his hostess a look of undisguised amazement.

"She here!" he said, abruptly, adding below his breath, "upon my soul this is too bad."

Florence, meanwhile, whiter than her flowers, had risen to receive her guests with the coldest and most ceremonious politeness, and to answer Lady Towers's voluble expressions of pleasure at her restored health and gratification at visiting Beech Hall—"So kind, dear Mrs. Balfour, to receive me in this friendly way, without the formality of exchanging calls"—in icy monosyllables which would have daunted any one not encased in that person's triple armor of effrontery, vanity, and insensibility. Lady Towers was of that uncertain age, which may be either a rather worn and hard-looking five-and-twenty, or a rather blooming and prosperous five-and-thirty, with a brilliant complexion, dazzling teeth, and very black hair and eyebrows—all of which, I was inclined to think, owed a little of their lustre to the aid of art, most nicely adjusted. Her figure was good, her smiles (of which she was profuse) were bright, and her costume, though effect had been studied rather than taste, was becoming; altogether she was undeniably a striking-looking woman, calculated to captivate uneducated eyes. But no one could possibly have made the mistake of regarding her as a lady by nature, whatever she might be by title; and standing beside Florence, she reminded me of a flaunting, overblown peony placed next to a half-opened arum, with its pure perfect white leaves still folded, and promising a heart of sweetness not laid bare to the public eye.

Sir John Towers bore a vague resemblance to Arthur Balfour himself, with all his bad qualities in excess, and all his redeeming traits absent. He was what is usually called "a fine man"—tall, large, broad-shouldered, and erect, carrying himself with a slight swagger which he called "a presence," having large dark eyes, a straight nose, and a huge glossy black beard, long even to eccentricity. He talked fluently, with some slight humor, though often in the worst taste, and being conscious of a pretty foreign accent, made liberal use of very easy and familiar French and German phrases, which he considerately translated for the benefit of his humble audience. His manner to women was offensively deferential, because it seemed to convey, "Grand, all-captivating creature that I am, I stoop to conquer," and exasperated me so much that I was barely civil to him; though I must admit that I have heard half a-dozen other women call him "very fascinating."

The first gentleman to join us in the drawing-room was Mr. Cecil, followed, somewhat to my astonishment, by Sir John, who drew an ottoman in front of Florence's chair, and tried to engage her reluctant attention.

"Balfour has enticed the rest of the men into the billiard-room, but I prefer, as you know, Mrs. Balfour, to bask in the smiles of beauty."

"I think," said Florence very gravely, "your presence would be more appreciated in the billiard room."

"Now that is so cruel!" he replied, altering his position a little so as to command a view of himself in an opposite pier-glass, and stroking his beard affectionately. "I am reduced to the lowest depths of despair; assist me to rise from them by granting a request I have to proffer. We are still straggling about our Yorkshire moors, you know, killing something—principally time, I must confess—and the weather has brightened wonderfully within the last few days, so we propose to take advantage of it for a kind of al fresco—open air—affair, a sort of out-of-season picnic, you know, in the old ruins near Fellscar. My keeper's cottage is in the neighborhood, and he will light a gypsy fire somewhere in shelter; and the ladies will bring nectar and ambrosia to us sportsmen. Will you be one of our Hebes?"

"I am in every way unfitted for the part."

"Nay, you are quite mistaken. Let me persuade you. Balfour will be of the party."

"I have neither strength nor inclination for such excursions."

"We will not allow you to fatigue yourself. You must consent."

"I repeat, Sir John, that I am neither willing nor able to do so;" and Florence rose, determined to put an end to the discussion, to which Lady Towers had begun to add entreaties that dear Mrs. Balfour would join their party.

At this moment Mr. Balfour entered with the billiard players; the host, flushed and apparently triumphant, the guests not looking so well satisfied with their amusement. Florence gave one swift glance at her husband's face, and an expression half sad, half scornful, deepened on her own.

"You have just come at the right moment," said Sir John, addressing him. "Help me to persuade Mrs. Balfour to lunch with us at Fellscar."

"Persuade!" repeated his friend, laughing, "are you still so simple-minded as to expect to persuade a woman? She will if she likes, and she won't if she does not like, depend upon it. Lady Towers, are you sufficiently inclined for music to allow me to persuade you to sing?"

Her ladyship, who had been somewhat de trop hitherto, and had pretty plainly shown that she did not like the position, rose with alacrity, and then Mr. Balfour with great demonstrations of devotion called for song after song, each his "particular favorite," and listened with a rapt expression in itself sufficiently absurd, but very becoming to his style. The whole scene would have been amusing, had not the pain and humiliation on Florence's sensitive face made it distressing.

Meantime Sir John, to whom his wife's vocal flights had lost at all events the charm of novelty, talked apart with some of the other gentlemen, and from their direction came low growls of "Have my revenge another time," "Too clever by half," "Rather sharp practice," and other indications of the speakers' discontent.

At parting, the invitations to Fellscar Abbey were urgently renewed, but only to receive the coldest and most decided refusals. Three or four of the other guests, who were to sleep in the house, adjourned to the smoking-room with talk of écarté or whist, and Florence bade me good-night with an accent of hopeless weariness.

A few days afterward, Florence drove me to a little neighboring village, and left me holding the reins while she went indoors to see some invalid in whom she took an interest. As I sat contemplating the bold rugged outlines of the distant hills, and the wide foreground of undulating turf, with a broad road winding through it like a white ribbon carelessly unrolled, a figure rapidly approached me, carrying a gun and followed by two or three fine dogs. I had barely time to recognize Mr. Cecil, before he was by my side with a cordial greeting.

"And what has brought you to this out-of-the-world spot, Miss Mostyn? Surely you are not alone?"

"Oh no, I am waiting for Mrs. Balfour, who has gone into this cottage."

"I am very glad I met you; I particularly want to say something to you. Miss Mostyn, will you promise not to think what I have to say unpardonably impertinent on such a short acquaintance?"

"I am not much afraid," I said, smiling.

He leaned his elbow on the back of the little carriage, and spoke in low eager tones, often glancing at the garden-path down which Florence would rejoin us.

"Mrs. Balfour told me you were her greatest—I am inclined to think her only friend. I must be very abrupt, for I am afraid of being interrupted. I wish, Miss Mostyn, you would warn her, with the greatest possible earnestness, against being led into any sort of intimacy with—the person they call Lady Towers."

I was very much startled.

"If she is it will be wholly against her will, I assure you."

"But she must not be, on any consideration. There is no more dangerous or utterly unprincipled woman living. She has neither heart nor conscience only a vanity which spares nobody. She leads people to believe she is on the very verge of running away with them, and then turns round and laughs in their faces. Pray forgive my talking to you on the subject, but a short time ago Balfour took it into his head to feel, or pretend to feel, some jealousy of my regard and respect for his wife. The whole thing was a transparent absurdity, but it prevents me from trying to caution Mrs. Balfour myself. Of course we have all noticed Balfour's infatuation, but I was astounded to see Lady Towers at Beech Hall."

"Florence opposed it as much as she could."

"I hope she will continue to oppose all intercourse. Balfour himself will thank her for her prudence some day, when his eyes are opened."

"It is a very difficult position for her."

"Of course it is, and I am sincerely sorry for her. The more difficult too, as Balfour in his folly, seems to encourage Sir John's parade of devotion to Mrs. Balfour. I can't understand what they are all driving at, but I am sure your friend must be careful."

"I am sure she will. She is not at all inclined for society at present, but Mr. Balfour himself invited Lady Towers."

"The man must be mad, to insult his wife so. But don't let her go to Fellscar on any pretext, Miss Mostyn. Excuse my warning you, of course neither you nor Mrs. Balfour can know anything about the real character of people—no ladies visit Fellscar."

I thanked him with, at the moment, about as much sincere gratitude, I am afraid, as people usually feel toward the bearers of bad news; and he turned to open the garden gate for Florence, who at this moment appeared.

We drove off, and I sat silent, wondering how I should approach the subject which had been entrusted to me, when an odd coincidence gave me the opening I wanted. Just as we gained the top of a lofty hill, up which Sancho plodded patiently, we saw two figures riding through the valley below us, a groom following in the distance. I thought I recognized Arthur Balfour, and though in the changed costume I might not have known the lady he accompanied, Florence's heightened color made me guess who it must be.

"I wish," said I, dashing recklessly into the subject, "you could induce your husband not to go so much to Fellscar."

"I induce him!" repeated Florence, bitterly; "the time has long past when my wishes had any weight."

"But, dear Florence, for common prudence and respectability's sake—if indeed he is temporarily alienated from you—can't he refrain from giving cause for gossip?"

Florence paused a moment; and then said quietly—

"Prudence he has none, where pleasure or self-interest are concerned; and respectability, I fear, is but a thin veneer over such a life as we lead. But I shall struggle to preserve the decency of our home as long as strength is left me. That is all I can promise you, dear."

It may be supposed that this little incident did not increase the cheerfulness of my visit to Beech Hall. It was unutterably painful to watch Florence's daily increasing unhappiness, and to see how mental distress preyed upon her health. I could measure, only too accurately, the decline of her strength by the walks which became shorter till even the circuit of her garden brought on the flushed cheek, the difficult breathing, and the intense pain in her side which so much alarmed me. Riding was given up altogether, and drives could only be enjoyed in the rare intervals of relief from pain.

Weeks passed by, and the weather, changing from autumn to winter, became colder and drearier, keeping us pretty constantly in the house. I began to long for home, and should have endeavored to return to it but for two reasons, one entirely private and confidential, and the other the impossibility of leaving Florence to her lonely sufferings. Mr. Balfour now was very rarely at home—never, I think, unless he had visitors; and Florence's health gave her only too good an excuse for ceasing to receive any of his friends.

One evening, just as we were going to our own rooms, the whole noisy party appeared in the hall, on their way to sup in the dining room; and Florence, to avoid them, drew me into a little nondescript apartment, called by Mr. Balfour his study, which had a second door communicating with the billiard-room, whence we could escape up-stairs. On our way we passed a card-table, with several packs of cards thrown together on one corner. Florence glanced at them, and, with a gesture as swift as her look, flung them all on the fire. I followed her from the room astonished at the violent impulse so foreign to her usual demeanor, and when we were safe in her room she cried with painful excitement—

"I wish in burning those I had burnt all the cards that ever were made, Alice? Gambling is such a wicked, mean, disgraceful vice!"

"Gambling, my dear?"

"What is playing for heavy stakes, and betting on the chances of the game, and filling your purse at the expense of others, but gambling? You little know what I have had to endure in my short married life, Alice. While we were abroad I first found out how deeply Mr. Balfour played, and my shame and mortification no words can describe. I don't mean to accuse him of anything so vile as unfair play, but he certainly does reckon his winnings as part of his resources, and I feel degraded in my own eyes when I touch money which I fear may have been so obtained. And it is so unnecessary—so miserably selfish—with the most ordinary management and self-denial his income would be amply sufficient. I tried hard, while yet he was kind and indulgent to me, and I thought my peace of mind was dear to him, to persuade him to abandon gaming, but to no purpose. Oh, Alice, nobody who has not passed through it can imagine the misery of seeing the one you love best in all the world, gradually losing every good quality and high principle with which your fancy had invested him—and then of feeling love itself slowly dying—when faith, and trust, and respect have all died before."

I had no answer to make to this outbreak of regret except my tears. Presently her mood softened, and she resumed—

"I am ashamed of my violence; just now what must you have thought of me? But in fact the strain on my self-control is so great that it snaps now and then. I bore up pretty well till of late. Hope is always a long time dying, and while I was unaware of any rival I always hoped Mr. Balfour's affections would return to me. Now"—she hid her face in her hands, and tears trickled fast through her slender fingers—"I know that they have been bestowed elsewhere, and that no artifice or flattery will be spared which may retain them. I must have been mad to marry a man of whom I knew so little. The first coldness arose when we learned papa's will, and then I found that my husband had been spending recklessly in the conviction that I should ultimately be forgiven. And when I saw his disappointment and anger, a bitter feeling grew up in my own heart as the knowledge was forced upon me that I had been married for money after all."

"I cannot but think he loved you too, Florence."

"He said so, did he not? And that he had never in his life cared for any one before. I suppose he had an attachment to me at first, but it was not strong enough to resist the breath of ill-fortune, you see."

"He must have known the risk he ran at least as well as you."

"I suppose he did not think parents could be so implacable. And then when I saw on what false hopes our expenditure had been regulated, I tried to set matters right by little economies which he called meannesses—to my mind there is nothing so mean as debt—and so there were constant differences between us. I could not approve of his mode of life, he could not conform to my ideas of right; and things went from bad to worse, till now, Alice, I do not care how soon the struggle ends."

The emotions of the night threw Florence into such an illness that for many days her doctor was in constant attendance; and when she seemed convalescent he took me aside for some parting instructions.

"I cannot deny, Miss Mostyn, that your friend's heart is in a most critical state. It must have been feeble from her infancy, and now it is in a very alarming condition indeed. These attacks of pain and weakness all proceed from the heart, and some day, unless we are exceedingly careful, they will prove fatal. She is patched up now for a time, but she must be guarded against all excitement or annoyance; any sudden shock might bring on an attack from which she would never rally."

I could not help thinking that the peace Dr. Smart insisted on could only be found by Florence in the grave; but I promised to do my best to see that his instructions were obeyed.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death, that puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
. . . .
"I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death who calls for me:
Call and I follow, I follow! Let me die!"
—*Tennyson.*

One dull morning, when Florence was again strong enough to walk about the house, she showed such a desire to go out, and seemed so utterly unable to settle to any occupation, that I promised, if she would wrap up most carefully to indulge her with a walk, at all events as far as the terrace. But before we could start a slight fall of snow began and our project had to be abandoned. She tried books, music, drawing, and gave up each in a few minutes. At last, flinging down some work her nervous fingers had been spoiling she said desperately, "Have you ever been over the house, Alice? all over it, I mean—a regular inspection?"

"No, only in the rooms you occupy."

"No more have I. I never took much interest in it, to tell the truth. But to-day I cannot settle to anything. I feel so miserably restless. Let us ring for Mrs. Sharp and start at once."

"Put a shawl on, dearest, if we are going through cold empty rooms."

"There—to satisfy you. Though I am as feverish as possible already."

Her little hands burnt like coals, and her cheeks had red spots in the centre which frightened me.

Mrs. Sharp was the housekeeper: a cheerful active elderly woman, whom Florence found at Beech Hall on her arrival, and who had one virtue inestimable in her position—perfectly free from any inclination to gossip, she went quietly about her work without comment or discussion.

"You keep the keys of the house, don't you, Mrs. Sharp?"

"The store-room and pantries and cellars, ma'am."

"Yes, of course—but I mean of the unused rooms up-stairs. I feel inclined to go through them at last, for I want some amusement this wretched day."

"I am afraid, ma'am, you won't find much to amuse you in the old rooms, they are very faded and dull. You live in the best of the house, ma'am."

"I suppose so, but I want to see them for all that. So lead the way, and tell us all about them, for I believe you know the history of the place by heart."

"As well as most, ma'am. I came here as under nurse-girl when old Mrs. Balfour, Mr. Arthur's mother, was alive. I waited on his little sister that died; and then madam took a fancy to me, and I never went away again."

"Well, give me the benefit of all your experience."

"I have not got the keys, ma'am. Mr. Balfour keeps them, and I only have them to air and clean the rooms now and then."

"Go and ask him for them, from me."

"My master is out, ma'am."

"Perhaps he has left the keys in his study—I will see," said Florence, rising.

"Excuse me ma'am," said the housekeeper respectfully, "I don't think—I am not sure my master would like me to open the rooms in his absence."

"You have my authority," insisted Mrs. Balfour; and, her curiosity a little piqued by the opposition, she went into the study and returned with a ring of keys in her hand.

"Are these the right ones, Mrs. Sharp?"

"Yes, ma'am"—with evident reluctance.

"I see you are unwilling to use them. In that case we will go without you. Come, Alice."

"Oh no, ma'am," cried the poor woman, much distressed at appearing "wanting in duty," as she would have called it. "Only if anything is said about it you will please to mention that it was under your orders."

"Have you ever been told not to show these rooms to me!" asked Florence, turning quickly on her.

"Certainly not, ma'am."

"That is sufficient."

The rooms were not, I thought, worth any of the fuss that had been made about them. There were the dressing-room and bed-room that had belonged to "Madam," with hideous faded chintz draperies, funny old pictures of herself, her husband, and their two children when infants, and some astonishing specimens of "tent stitch and cross-stitch," representing the hiding and the discovery of Moses, executed on white satin and and framed in ebony. Then we went into a square room with windows very high up, each guarded by an iron bar, which Mrs. Sharp said had been the nursery, and where we found a rocking-horse of antediluvian pattern, a gigantic Noah's Ark, and many broken tops, shuttlecocks, bats and balls.

There is always something touching about relics belonging to the childhood of those who have been dear to us; and when Florence turned away from a pile of tattered story and school-books, with "Arthur Balfour" scrawled all over them, her eyes were full of tears.

"Poor Arthur!" she whispered, as she put her hand through my arm, "my white face must have been a standing reproach to him lately; no wonder he prefers the cheerfulness and flattery at Fellscar, where they all do much as he does, and think no harm of it. I suppose I must try to endure the evils I cannot cure with more philosophy."

I hoped her softened mood might lead to something like a renewal of confidence and affection between husband and wife, and was turning cheerfully to follow the housekeeper down-stairs, when Florence exclaimed, "Stop, Mrs. Sharp, there are still two keys we have not used."

"They belong to the rooms in the opposite corridor, ma'am."

"Very well, lead the way."

Leaving the passage in which we stood, we entered another at the back of the house, and the first door unlocked led to a bed-room having three windows looking on the garden; a very tastefully and even richly furnished room, with more attention to both comfort and elegance than any in the inhabited part of the house.

"What a pretty room!" cried Florence. "Why is it never used? I think I shall ask Mr. Balfour to give it to me. I like it better than any I have seen."

A half-open door showed the dressing-room, equally well-fitted up and arranged. Across a small passage we saw a second door.

"Now the last key, Mrs. Sharp. This must be Bluebeard's chamber, I suppose," said Florence, jestingly. "If it contains nothing more terrible than the others we are not likely to have our heads cut off for peeping."

We entered a sitting-room, almost luxurious by contrast with the substantial plainness of the rooms down-stairs—one in which both taste and affection seemed to have been at work for the pleasure of the occupant. Some beautiful Indian carvings in ivory and sandal-wood adorned the tables; the chairs and couches were covered with rare Indian stuffs, whose colors were still glowing; Persian screens and cushions were scattered here and there. It had evidently been a lady's room, from the numerous pretty trifles about it—the vases, some of them holding withered flowers, the tiny scent fountain, long since dry, and even a particularly costly and handsome workbox, in ivory and silver filagree, from which peeped some half-traced embroidery. I was stooping to examine this more closely, when Florence startled me.

"Draw up the blinds, Mrs. Sharp," she said, in a strange constrained voice, "I want to see that portrait clearly."

She stood before a picture hung opposite the fireplace, and as Mrs. Sharp obeyed, and a cold wintry light through the large windows filled the room, we both started, and I threw my arm round Florence to prevent her from falling.

"I knew—I felt sure it was the same," she said, slowly. "That woman—the woman who came to me twice, Alice!"

It was indeed the same.

There was the same slender figure, lithe, graceful, and tall, robed in soft white drapery, relieved in the picture by heavy gold ornaments at the throat, wrists, and waist. The same profusion of unbound black hair, falling below the waist in heavy waves. The same dark face with its sad, earnest eyes; but their expression though mournful was less unearthly, and the features were not so ghastly in their attenuation.

"It is only the difference between life and death," said Florence, in an awe-struck whisper.

"Whose portrait is that, Mrs. Sharp?"

"My master's first wife, ma'am, a young Creole lady, a ward of madam's. She did not live long after they were married, this place was too cold and bleak for her. These were her apartments. She died in that bedroom."

"When?"

"On the twenty-first of December, 18—."

"Oh, Alice, the night we saw her first."

We carried Florence to her room, and nursed her through weeks of fever and delirium.

The shock of that awful revelation, while standing in the rooms and gazing on the picture of her dead rival, utterly prostrated her; and for many days we thought every breath would be her last.

I hardly knew how the days and nights went by in that darkened room. The outer world might have stood still for me, and all its interests have been concentrated within four walls. The only visitor who ever relieved my solitude was Mr. Cecil, who called regularly to inquire for Florence, and brought hot-house flowers and fruit which gave a momentary summer glow even to that chill December. Sometimes I used to see him for a few moments in her little sitting-room, from which I could hear the slightest sound in the adjoining rooms; and the earnest sympathy which tempered but could not destroy his constitutional cheerfulness helped me through that time of anxious watching.

At length Florence rallied a little, but only to encounter mental sufferings compared to which her former insensibility had been merciful.

"Why did not Arthur tell me he had been married before?" she asked one night, after lying so motionless for hours that I thought her asleep. "Why did he conceal it, and let the knowledge fall upon me as such a blow? I suppose he feared my childish jealousy." There was a little pause of troubled thought, and then Florence resumed, "Have I not been punished bitterly for my self-will and disobedience? . . . . Why did she come to me the night she died? To warn me, I suppose. And then the night before our marriage. She will come again, Alice—once again, I know."

She asked incessantly for her husband; and I am sure she detected, though she never commented upon, the excuses I invented for his constant absence. I scarcely ever saw him at that time, and when I did he refused to believe in Florence's danger, and called her illness "only one of her old attacks," from which she would speedily recover.

He never alluded to the immediate cause of this last seizure, and I only infer that he had been told of it, from his careful avoidance of the subject. He was always at Fellscar, I was told, and his visits there, especially while his wife lay in so critical a state, were becoming a current scandal.

One morning Mr. Cecil sent up a pencilled message, most earnestly requesting to see me. He was shown, as usual into the little sitting room, where, after a glance at Florence, who was apparently sleeping, I joined him. I saw in a moment that something was exceedingly wrong, but could not bring my trembling lips to frame a question.

"Miss Mostyn," he said, hurriedly, "I have something horrible to tell you. I must tell you at once, lest, if you are unprepared, it should reach Mrs. Balfour through any other channel. In her condition there is no estimating the harm it might do her."

"Tell me quickly," I said. "Tell me everything."

"Lady Towers left her home to-day. Not alone, it is supposed."

"Good heaven—at such a time as this!"

"It is horrible—disgraceful. I could not have imagined such a depth of infamy."

A noise in the bed-room alarmed me; I had forgotten that both doors were open. I ran in, and a glance showed me that Florence had heard all. She stood in the middle of the room, trying feebly to dress.

"That's right, Alice," said the poor child. "Come and help me. I—I cannot get on very fast; and we must make haste, you know—great haste. We must follow Arthur, and bring him back. He will come back with me—he loved me once, and he knows I have always loved him."

I never shall forget the horror of that moment—to see her standing there, her weak and trembling limbs scarcely supporting her, the fever and delirium rapidly returning, yet trying with such wild eagerness to get ready to go in search of her husband.

"Dear Florence," I said, "we will send some one to bring him home who is stronger than you, and can go faster. You are so ill, you know, dearest, you would only hinder us."

She looked wistfully at me, as though her eager eyes would read my thoughts.

"Do you really mean it? Who will bring him? He must come home at once, or he will be lost, body and soul! Do you remember those terrible words, 'Fear not them which only kill the body?' Who will care to bring him home but me?"

"Mr. Cecil will go," I cried, by a sudden inspiration, for I saw there would be no controlling Florence but by agreeing to endeavor to recall her husband. "He is here, in the house, and he shall start at once. He is ready to go, you know, and we are not."

"Well—perhaps that will be best. I am not strong enough. But send Esther to me that I may be dressed and ready to welcome Arthur home."

Under the pretext of calling her maid, I sent a servant for Dr. Smart, and then rejoined Henry Cecil.

"Go," I implore, "for heaven's sake and try to find Mr. Balfour. If any argument, any persuasion can touch his heart, bring him home. I am sure Florence is dying."

The succeeding hours seemed each an eternity of suspense. The kind old doctor came, shook his head gravely, and for some time preserved a silence from which I argued the worst. He then ordered a sedative, and told me how often to administer it.

"But I am compelled to tell you," he said, "that though this may give temporary relief, nothing can effect a cure. Some violent emotion has been doing the work of years. It is exactly the case against which I cautioned you."

"Indeed," I said, crying helplessly, for I felt worn out by these accumulated troubles, "it was no fault of mine."

"My dear young lady I did not, of course, mean that you could have prevented what has taken place, only that you must be prepared for the consequences."

He left, and I returned to Florence, who had insisted on being fully dressed, but had afterward suffered us to place her on the bed again, covered with a shawl, whose deep crimson folds startlingly contrasted with the white face and wasted hands.

"He is sure to come home, Alice," she said, beginning to talk rapidly. "He did not know how ill I was. I must see him once—once more, and tell him that I quite forgive him, and that much of what has gone wrong was entirely my fault. I should like to live a little longer," she added, plaintively, "just to try and set right some of the wrong I did. I ought to have been more forgiving, and made Arthur's home pleasanter. He must come back and stop with me now till the last—it will not be very long. You are sure he will come back, Alice?"

"I trust he will, dearest."

Then there was silence, during which I hoped she was falling asleep—but she started violently at the slightest sound in the hushed and dreary house.

At last, when the early winter twilight had long closed in, a carriage dashed up to the house. Doors were opened and shut, footsteps ascended the stairs. I ran out into the corridor, and met Henry Cecil, bringing Mr. Balfour with him.

"Oh, thank God! Thank God," I cried, "you have come in time."

Mr. Cecil grasped my hand.

"How shall I thank you?" I whispered earnestly.

"Never mind now," he said, with a faint smile. "Perhaps I may tell you some day. I will go down-stairs, and if any help is wanted, send for me."

I returned to Florence's room, where Arthur Balfour knelt by her side, one of her hands clasped in his.

"I knew what they said was untrue, dear," she murmured. "I was sure you never meant to forsake me."

"I cannot lie to you now, Florence," he said, huskily. "But whatever may have been meant, you may be sure will never be done."

"Then my death will have saved you, Arthur? I am content to die."

"You must not die, my love, my dearest! You must live to teach me to be a better man, and to make you happier."

"I am happy now," she whispered softly. "But, Arthur, I am dying."

The large room in which she lay was silent, but for the half-stifled sobs which too late remorse and grief wrung from the strong man on his knees; and dark, but for the faint flicker of a fire at the farther end.

Suddenly a light—the intense light we both knew too well—gleamed near the darkened windows—glowed, spread, irradiated the whole room.

Florence started up, feeling for my hand and grasping it convulsively.

"Alice—what is to-day—the day of the month?"

"The twenty-first of December."

"I knew it—I knew I should die to-day. Arthur, I am called—look—look—she is come for me!"

He rose to his feet appalled, and we all gazed intently on the expanding light.

Out of what looked at first like a white floating mist, encircled by that brilliant halo, the floating garments, the black, falling hair, the sad, earnest face of the shadowy figure grew distinct.

An irrepressible cry broke from Mr. Balfour's white lips.

"Great God of Heaven!—Nina!"

The figure came slowly nearer—no longer reproachful as we had last seen it, a solemn peace shone from the noble face.

"Good-bye, Arthur," Florence faintly murmured. "Kiss me once more."

He stooped over her pillow. As he raised his head the vision glided close to the side of Florence's bed; its lips seemed to press her forehead, its shadowy arms to enfold her.

For a moment we were motionless with horror. Then the light faded, the ghostly form vanished.

We rushed to raise Florence, to call her by her name, to clasp and chafe her icy hands. In vain. Florence was dead.

[The leading incidents in this story are strictly true.—O. M. M.]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

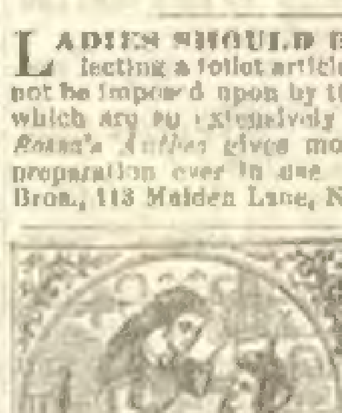
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

For Marking Linen with Indelible Ink.

Emma F. Goodwin

The only neat and reliable manner is with one of our superior and warranted silver, name-plates. Various styles made to order with ink, brush, box, etc., complete. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50c. Circular sent free. Address, THEODORE RUE, Quaker City Stencil Works, No. 934 Arch Street, Philada. mch14-13t

LADIES SHOULD BE CAREFUL IN SELECTING a toilet article for the complexion, and not be imposed upon by the vile liquid compounds which are so extensively advertised. *Madame de Rossa's Aurifer* gives more satisfaction than any preparation ever in use. Price, 50 cents. Miller Bros., 113 Maiden Lane, N. Y. fe28-?t



HOUSEKEEPERS! Electro Silicon is guaranteed to be the best article known for cleaning and polishing GOLD, SILVER, PLATED WARE, etc. Try it. Sold by Druggists, house-furnishing stores and jewelers. Wholesale by JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch St., Philad'a. mch7-13t

EAT TO LIVE!

Write to F. E. SMITH & Co., Atlantic Mills, Brooklyn, N. Y., manufacturers of the Crushed White Wheat, for their pamphlet (sent free) on Foods, with important extracts from Liebig, Johnson, and other scientists. Read it and save your health and money. feb-8t

GROVER & BAKER'S
IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINES.
SIMPLE, DURABLE, RELIABLE,
LIGHT RUNNING, and
EASILY OPERATED.
SALESROOMS:
736 BROADWAY, New York,
730 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia. fe7-26t

FOR SALE. A DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING PRESS, built by Taylor. Bed 37 by 51 inches. Is in good running order, the SUNDAY MERCURY having recently been printed upon it. Will make 400 impressions an hour—has been run as fast as 5000. Apply at the office of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 319 Walnut St. 9-tf.

BRANSON KNITTER

Price $30. Knits heel and toe complete 20 pairs per day.
A CHILD CAN OPERATE IT.
FULLY WARRANTED.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
Send stamp to J. L. BRANSON & CO., mch14-4t Philadelphia, Pa.

TRIXL—A new Parlor Game—subject to 400 changes. Post paid with 18 illustrations for 25 cts.; 3 sets 50 cts. WILBUR FISKE, Holliston, Mass. mch14-4t

WORKING CLASS Male or Female, $30 a week; employment at home, day or evening; no capital; instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwich St., N. Y. mch7-13t

5000 AGENTS WANTED.—Samples sent free by mail. Two new articles, saleable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, New Jersey. mch7-4t

AGENTS WANTED—Men or women; $34 a week or $100 forfeited. Valuable samples free. Address F. M. REED, 8th St., New York. mch7-52t

TRICKS. The VENETIAN WARBLER imitates perfectly all the different Birds and Animals, 10 cts. THE VANISHING CARD—a Card that will appear and disappear at the pleasure of the performer, a wonderful illusion, 10 cts. The BLACK ART; or, Magic Made Easy, a book, giving over 100 of the best and latest tricks with cards coins, sleight-of-hand, etc., a wonderful book, 25 cts.; or the three, post paid by mail, for 35 cts. Address, O. T. MARTIN, Box 90, Hoboken, New Jersey. mch7-13t

MEN MAKE MONEY

Ladies make money, every one makes money, selling Webster's new and improved Patent Button-hole Workers and Cutters. Sample set sent prepaid for 75c or send stamp for particulars. A. W. WEBSTER & CO., Bridgeport, Conn. mch7-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE CENTENNIAL GAZETTEER OF THE UNITED STATES.

A complete encyclopædia of all the States, counties, townships, cities, villages, post-offices, mountains, rivers, lakes, etc., with their climate, population, agriculture, manufactories, mining, commerce, railroads, capital, education, government and history, showing the gigantic results of the

First 100 Years OF THE Republic.

Agents make $100 to $300 per month. Send for circular. ZIEGLER & McCURDY, fe28-4t Philadelphia, Pa., or Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
HISTORY OF THE
GRANGE MOVEMENT
OR THE
FARMER'S WAR AGAINST MONOPOLIES.

Being a full and authentic account of the struggles of the American Farmers against the extortions of the Railroad Companies, with a history of the rise and progress of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill., or Philadelphia, Pa. fe 8 tf

PERINE'S PICTURE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
AGENTS ALWAYS WANTED.
All kinds of PICTURES, FRAMES, CORDS, Nails, etc., supplied at WHOLESALE prices. Send for Catalogues. G. E. PERINE, 66 Reade Street, New York. fe28-13t

Just What You Want.
PATENT EUCHRE COUNTERS.
Patent Euchre Counter.
Price, $1 25 a pair by mail, postage paid.
H. MUDGE & CO.,
fe28-13t P. O. box 115, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANY ONE sending us the address of ten persons with 10 cents, will receive, *free*, a beautiful chromo and instructions how to get rich, postpaid. CITY NOVELTY CO., 108 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. fe14 13t

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. fe14-1y

THE WIZARD'S WONDERFUL CABINET.
A Budget of Wonders. Complete Apparatus to perform 25 Celebrated Tricks. Instructions for many others. Mailed for 25 Cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. fe7-13t

Beardine. A NEW DISCOVERY! A Chemical Triumph. Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches produced in 21 days. A success in every instance. Price, [illegible] Package. Address, LEE & Co., [illegible] Sixth Avenue, New York. [illegible] fe7-13t

$72 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted, particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. jan31-13t

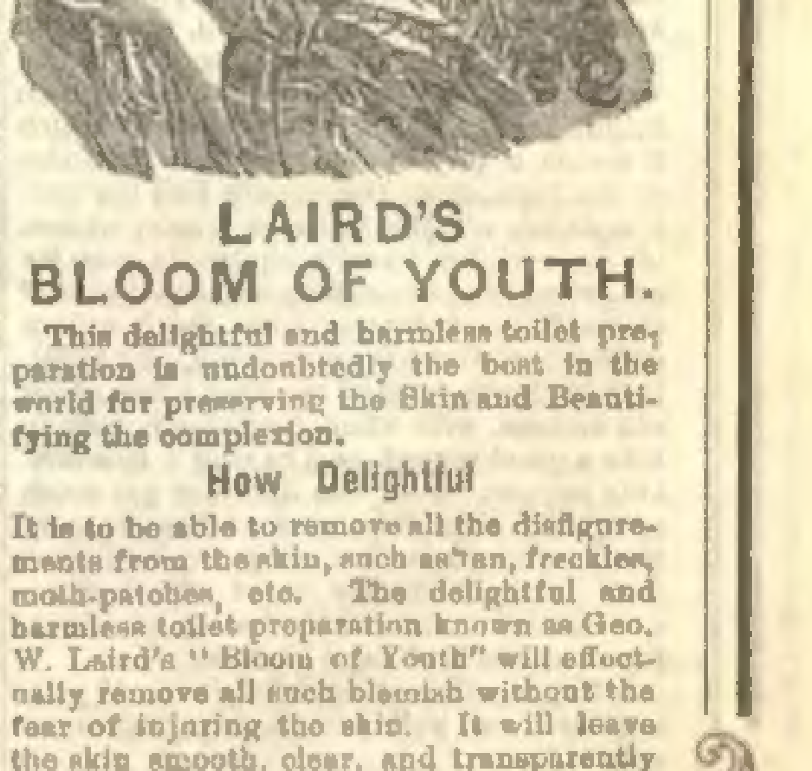
AGENTS WANTED for the new book,
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
Kit Carson
by his comrade and friend, D. W. C. Peters, Brevet Lt. Col. and Surgeon, U. S. A., from facts dictated by himself. The only True and Authentic Life of America's greatest HUNTER, TRAPPER, SCOUT and GUIDE ever published. It contains full and complete descriptions of the Indian tribes of the FAR WEST, as seen by Kit Carson, who lived among them all his life. It gives a full, reliable account of the MODOCS and the MODOC WAR. As a work of HISTORY, it is invaluable. A grand opportunity for agents to make money. Our 40 page illustrated circulars sent free to all applicants. Write and secure territory at once. DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn. jan10-1f

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE—Male and Female. New Novelties. Just out. Every house-keeper will purchase. Address Phila. Novelty Mfg. Co. 604 Franklin St., Phila., Pa. jan10-1y

Winter Employment.

Work for Everybody. Good Wages. Permanent Employment. Men and Women Wanted. Full particulars free. Address W. A. Henderson & Co., Cleveland, O., or St. Louis, Mo. dec27-26t

Secret of Beauty.



LAIRD'S
BLOOM OF YOUTH.

This delightful and harmless toilet preparation is undoubtedly the best in the world for preserving the Skin and Beautifying the complexion.

How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful.

Beware of Counterfeits.

See that the United States Revenue Stamp is printed on the front label and the name of G. W. Laird is stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle—no other is genuine. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. oct4-26t

"Joy Cometh in the Morning."

A ST. VALENTINE STORY.

"I am so glad it is raining! There is no chance of visitors to bore us this afternoon; so we can have our five-o'clock tea in peace and quietness," exclaims Gertrude Hillas, hastily entering her cousin's dressing-room. "Cousin Gertrude, do have it here—it looks so cosy and bright;" and Gertrude Hillas the younger puts her arms coaxingly around Gertrude Hillas the elder.

"Very well, dear," replies the person addressed as "Cousin Gertrude." "How is your mother now—easier, is she?"

"I think so. I have been reading to her, and she has just settled to try to have a sleep. But there is an invitation come that I want to talk to you about. I'll go and bring it—it is in mamma's room," and off the younger goes, leaving "Cousin Gertrude" by herself.

A casual observer would have had some difficulty in making a guess as to the exact age of the latter. Small, yet dignified-looking, she has a faded, delicately-cut oval face, whereon even yet linger the roses of her youth. She is undeniably thoroughbred—from the smoothly-arranged coils of her abundant snowy hair to the arch of her pretty tiny foot. Gertrude Hillas, despite her gray hairs, is only thirty-six. Being unmarried and independent, and having no near family ties, she has always lived with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Hillas. The latter is a querulous hypochondriac, too selfish or too indolent to take an interest in her house or children, so that the management of it all, to a great extent, falls upon sweet, quiet "Cousin Gertrude." Does one of the boys want to bring home a school-friend for the holidays, it is "Cousin Gertrude," who obtains the permission, that in some way or other the boys feel instinctively can only be obtained by her, and her alone. Do fussy Mr. Hillas's accounts get into a state of hopeless confusion, it is "Cousin Gertrude's" clear head that helps to put them straight again. And, now that Gertrude wants to go to the Loamshire Dispensary Ball, of course "Cousin Gertrude" is the first person to be consulted respecting it.

Gertrude the younger returns, and there she sits—as pretty a girl as one could wish to look at on this dreary first of February. She is as "straight as an arrow," her slim girlish figure being draped in a long, flowing silvery-gray dress, and her bonny brown hair tied with a blue ribbon the color of her eyes. She is just seventeen—

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet"

of her life—and is excitedly discussing the first great trouble of her existence—namely, the awful probability of her not being able to go to this, her first ball.

"You see, Cousin Gertrude, if I don't go to this one, goodness only knows when I may have a chance of going to a ball again. Mamma says a London season would kill her, and she won't let me go to either of my aunts."

"Oh, I dare say it will be managed in some way," says the gentle voice of "Cousin Gertrude." "Don't worry your mother too much about it, and perhaps she will feel well enough before the ball. There is plenty of time. Why, this is only the first, and the invitation is for the tenth!"

"If this were not such an out-of-the-way place, I shouldn't mind so much; but one has so little amusement here. No wonder the boys say it is a hundred miles from everywhere! I wish papa would take me up to London for awhile."

"One thing at a time, Ger. Never mind London at present, but keep to the subject of the ball. What do you mean to wear?"

"What's the use of deciding upon anything?" says Ger, shaking back her shining curls petulantly. "There is every probability that I shall not go. Papa won't take me without a chaperon, and it is ten chances to one that mamma won't go after all."

"Cousin Gertrude" laughs softly. It is a peculiar idiosyncrasy of hers, that little laugh, and somehow or other it generally reassures the young folk. They seem to have a feeling that things must go right, or "Cousin Gertrude" could not laugh in that way. It half reassures Ger, who says—

"Of course I must wear white, as it is my first ball. Something all fluffs and puffs—that kind of thing looks best on me."

"You shall wear my pearls too, Ger."

"Cousin Gertrude—your lovely pearls!" and Ger's blue eyes sparkle with surprise and delight.

"Yes—I always intended them for you whenever you should come out. I am not likely ever to require them again;" and the little lady heaves just the very faintest suspicion of a sigh as she dreamily looks into the depths of her tea-cup.

The young girl looks at her, and says, suddenly—

"Cousin Gertrude, I wish you were coming to this ball. Why is it that you never care to go into company?"

"I have lost my taste for such frivolities," she says, smiling; "and so will you when you come to have a hoary head like mine."

"But I have heard mamma say that your hair was gray when you were a young girl."

"I think I shall go and see your mother," remarks "Cousin Gertrude," rising, as if wishing to put an end to the conversation; "we must see what is to be done concerning this wonderful ball."

A week speeds by. At least half-a-dozen times Mrs. Hillas has declared her intention of offering herself as a martyr upon the shrine of maternal affection and chaperonage, and as often has she renounced it. Ger has been in despair. Her dress has been sent down from London, and fits to perfection; and, with this, and "Cousin Gertrude's" lovely pearls and her own bright face, a picture is presented which it seems a pity to deprive the Committee of the Loamshire Dispensary Ball the contemplation of. Her father, a true specimen of the wealthy, bucolic squire, is secretly congratulating himself upon the prospect of probable emancipation from the boredom of looking after his womankind, and revelling in the thought of meeting a few of his old cronies, with whom he intends getting into a quiet corner, and having a comfortable supper. Poor Ger does not get much sympathy from him, and to her proposal that he should be her chaperon he listens with as much horror as if she had requested him to attend the ball in his shooting-coat and bird's-eye necktie.

"No, no, Ger—it can't be done. If your mother is not well enough to go, you must stay at home."

Tears of disappointment are in the pretty blue eyes, and Ger says wistfully—

"Papa, I am sure that, if you or mamma were to ask Mrs. Vereker, she would take me along with her girls."

"What!" he exclaims. "Ask Mrs. Vereker to bring out the daughter of a Hillas of Hilton! Nonsense! As you are so very anxious to go, why not try to persuade Cousin Gertrude to chaperon you. Eh, Gertrude, what do you say?"

"Cousin Gertrude" blushes a little, and smiles faintly.

"Really, Cousin William, I never thought of proposing myself; but, if Charlotte has no objection to my chaperoning Ger, I will do so with pleasure, rather than that she should lose the ball." And the angel of the household departs to broach the subject to Mrs. Hillas.

* * * * *

"I declare, Miss Hillas, you do look beautiful!" is the admiring exclamation of Simpson, as she hands "Cousin Gertrude" her fan and handkerchief on the evening of the ball. Her mistress laughs a quiet little laugh as she surveys herself in the cheval glass. "Cousin Gertrude" has pointedly refused to wear a low-bodied dress—has objected to go at all unless she be allowed to dress in her own fashion. "Her own fashion" is a rich black velvet dress, with a square-cut body, the body, sleeves, and panier being trimmed with rich old point lace. A diamond pendant hangs from the broad black velvet round her throat, and diamond stars glisten amongst the coils of her snowy hair. She is contemplating her unwonted grandeur, and leisurely drawing on her gloves, when a tap is heard at the door.

"Come in," she says, and the merry face of Dick Hillas—one of the boys, home from school on sick leave—introduces itself. Entering the room with a comical gesture of awe, he walks on tiptoe round his cousin.

"My word, Cousin Gertrude, you'll take the shine out of Ger to-night. You look stunning!"

"Why, is Ger dressed?"

"Yes; I offered the benefit of my valuable taste at her toilette, but was ungratefully and ignominiously expelled from the room. Stay, I hear her! Hallo, Ger, come here and feel yourself extinguished!"

Ger enters, looking fresh and pretty and girlish in a wonderful combination of white tulle and blue forget-me-nots. She makes a gesture of admiration and surprise at her cousin's appearance, and remarks, archly—

"Why, Cousin Gertrude, you look as if you required a chaperon yourself! You look as if you had just stepped out of some old picture, with your white hair and your black velvet and lace. You only want a few patches on your face to be perfect."

"Then, for your sake, I'll not put on the patches, Ger," she says, laughingly; "it might ruin your prospects if I were to make myself too bewitching."

* * * * *

The ball is a very brilliant affair, for, in addition to the officers of the Loamshire Invincibles, there are the officers of a regiment lately returned from Canada, and which, only a few days before, had been quartered in the neighboring town of Storeham. The flashing of the lights, the gay dresses, the uniforms, the inspiriting music, the happy, merry faces of the young people, and the placid complacency of the elders, are all pleasant to look at or listen to; and no one enjoys the scene more than "Cousin Gertrude," who persistently sits amongst the chaperons at the end of the room, refusing to dance, although one or two old friends press her to do so.

The excitement has brought a flush to her sweet face and a sparkle into her eyes which make her look at least ten years younger. Strangers are asking who she is, and a tall, handsome officer of about forty-five takes a good long look at her, under cover of a friendly pillar, and thinks: "She must be married, or she would not dress in that way and sit amongst those old women; yet, somehow, I don't think she is," and Colonel Westby, by way of solving the difficulty, goes up to the master of the ceremonies, and says—

"Will you introduce me to Miss Hillas?"

The dapper little dancing-master, who is the master of the ceremonies, professes himself delighted to do so, promises Colonel Westby a treat, as Miss Hillas is one of his best pupils, and, leading him across the room, introduces him to Gertrude the younger.

There is nothing for it but to ask the young lady to dance. Fervently he hopes that she may be engaged; but the Fates are against him, and in two minutes he is whirling Ger round the room to the entrancing strains of the sweet "Soldaten Lieder," and all the while he is thinking—"Of course, the Gertrude Hillas I knew is married. She is just like every other woman. What an idiot I was even to fancy that she could be different! This young person is, I presume, a niece, or something of the kind."

A quarter of an hour later one of Ger's multitudinous partners brings her to her chaperon, who is looking so pale that the girl says to her in an undertone—

"Cousin Gertrude, I am afraid you are not well. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, dear, only I have felt a little faint—it is the heat, I suppose."

Here Doctor Wallace—a stout, middle-aged gentleman, and an old friend—interposes, saying—

"Come, Miss Hillas—come with me, and let me get you a glass of wine, or something. Come, I insist upon it!" and the good-natured doctor draws her hand through his arm.

Colonel Westby, standing in a recess, sees the familiar action, and thinks: "Ah, that's the husband, I suppose. Gracious Heaven, what a fool I have been!"

* * * * * * *

It is four o'clock the next afternoon, and pretty Ger is sitting on the white, long-haired, fluffy hearth-rug in the drawing-room, her ball programme in her hand, discussing her last night's partners with "Cousin Gertrude," who lies on the sofa. The latter has been very silent all day—fatigued, probably. But she had not danced, so what could it be?

"Mr. Lawrenson," Ger reads. "Oh, Cousin Gertrude, I am sure that that young man has been taking lessons in dancing lately—you should have seen how he did all his steps!"

"Well, it shows that he is, at least, an apt pupil."

Ger reads down the list, making comments as she goes along. At length she stops, puzzled.

"What name can this be? It is so very badly written that I cannot read it."

"Spell it," suggests "Cousin Gertrude."

"Oh, I can't make anything of it—try if you can;" and she hands the programme to her cousin, who bends toward the firelight and reads off fluently—

"Colonel Westby."

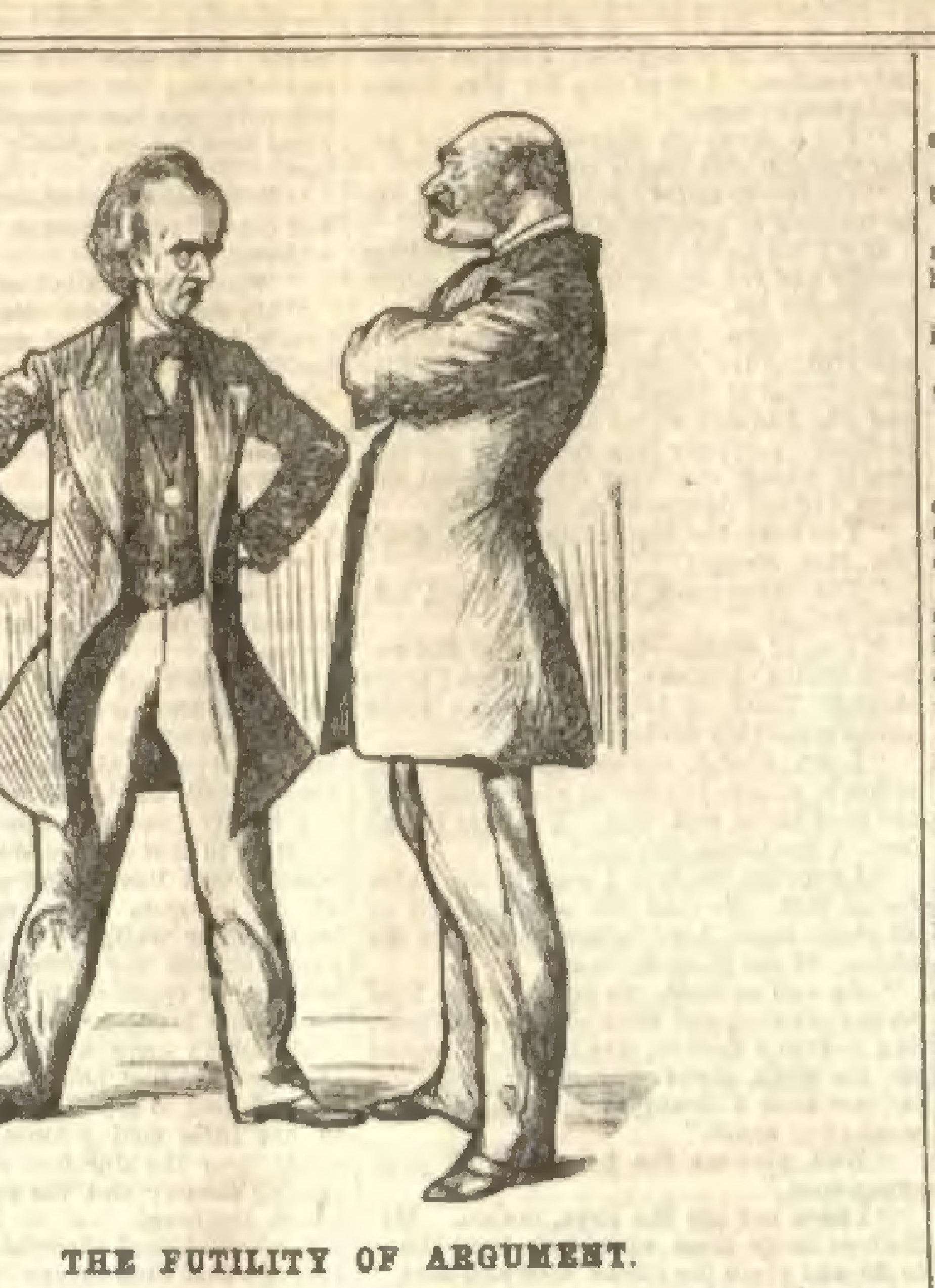
"Oh, yes—of course I recollect—that nice gentleman with the great beard; he dances so nicely, too."

"Cousin Gertrude" also recollects that little fact, but she says nothing. Presently the door is suddenly burst open, and Dick rushes in, exclaiming, as he gives his cousin a hug—

"I say, Cousin Gertrude, here's a lark! Who'll say I haven't the spirit of prophecy? Didn't I say that you'd take the shine out of Ger last night?"

"I am afraid you were and are singular in your opinion, Dick," she says, smiling at the lad's impetuosity.

"Not a bit of it! Fred Baker—you know he's an ensign in the Invincibles—well, he told me that ever so many people said that you looked stunning; and one old chap—a Colonel Westby—asked to be introduced to you, but was introduced to Ger by mistake. What a sell it must have been for him!" concludes Dick, pathetically, and with all the charming candor of a brother.



THE FUTILITY OF ARGUMENT.

JONES, who has a big, bulging forehead, of course is a believer in phrenology.
BROWN, who has not, thinks it a humbug.
They will never agree. Why prolong the discussion?

Ger laughs heartily, and enjoys the joke. "Cousin Gertrude" also laughs, but it is a strange little hysterical laugh, and all that evening she spends in her own room. Every one in the house says that she is tired after the unaccustomed excitement of the ball.

"Cousin Gertrude" is tired—very weary—yet something has

> "Eased the burden of her fears,
> And brought again the pleasure of past years."

* * * * *

It is the day before St. Valentine's Day, and Colonel Westby walks down the principal business street of Storeham. He stops at a shop door, turns his back to it, and looks cautiously up and down the street, with such a palpable affectation of indifference that the deception is a most pitiable failure. The very man in the shop sees through the pretence, and smirks behind his desk. As for Colonel Westby himself, he feels that the very little dog on the pathway, which wags its tail and looks up at him so knowingly, is perfectly aware that he is contemplating buying a valentine, and intends consummating his temporary insanity by sending it to a woman whom he had loved fifteen years ago. Fifteen years ought to have obliterated the memory of an old love, but somehow or other, when Horace Westby heard yesterday that Gertrude Hillas was yet unmarried, he thought of a day long ago when her sweet face had lain on his shoulder, and her firm, gentle voice had said—

"We must part, Horace. We are too poor to think of marrying. I shall never marry another man. We may be better off in the future, but remember that you are not bound to me."

He had asked her to write to him, but she had refused, saying—

"No, for then you would feel yourself in a measure bound to me."

A year later he had heard of her having become an heiress, and, although soon after he had been very near her home, his pride had kept him from seeking her out, for he was still a poor man. But now he had returned a wealthy and distinguished officer, and through all he had cherished in his heart the remembrance of her words—

"I shall never marry another man."

Upon his return to England he had determined to find her out, and the unexpected sight of her as a chaperon at the Dispensary Ball, and the mistake about the introduction, had led him to believe her married; but with the knowledge of the truth that she was yet single had also come back a great deal of the old love.

The obliging shopkeeper exhibits bales of valentines—valentines in boxes, valentines not in boxes; valentines with appeals capable of softening the most obdurate hearts; valentines all roses and lilies; valentines with the whole Heathen mythology upon them; valentines with figures of modern couples upon them, "bedecked and bedraped;" and valentines with figures "noble, and nude and antique." In fact the shop is the repository of the cream of De la Rue's, Marcus Ward's, and Parkins's and Gotto's establishments. Never was there seen such an array of valentines. Yet not one of them pleases Colonel Westby, who consummates his morning search by merely purchasing a sheet of note-paper with an elaborately embroidered lace edge an inch and a half in depth. This he carries in a gingerly manner to his hotel, on his way thither as carefully avoiding his friends as if he were contemplating committing a forgery and felt that the intention was written on his forehead. Seated in his own room, he writes a few lines, the concluding ones being—

> "I feel I needs must play a part
> Wherein is something to be done,
> If I would not be left alone
> Life-long, with love unsatisfied."

He addresses the envelope to "Miss Gertrude Hillas," and carries it to the post himself, saying as he drops it in—

"I shall call upon her to-morrow."

* * * * *

"'Miss Gertrude Hillas,' 'Miss Gertrude Hillas'—two valentines I suppose, for you, Ger;" and Mr. Hillas throws the missives across the breakfast-table to his daughter.

"My eye, isn't this a swellish arrangement?" ejaculates Dick, looking over his sister's shoulder at an elaborate combination of white satin and gold and flowers. "Who is it from, Ger?"

"Oh, from that stupid boy you brought home with you last summer—ridiculous fellow!"

"Ah, poor Bob Jellicoe; he's in a chronic state of love; he's always getting 'stuck,' for he spends his time in running after girls and writing poetry to them. But, I say, who's your shabby lover?" he asks as Ger opens the other envelope, which simply contains a sheet of lace-edged paper, with a few verses written thereon.

"I'm sure I don't know; I never saw the writing before."

"Ah, poor wretch," exclaims Dick, tragically, "what a terrible state he must be in."

"It doesn't look like the writing of a young man," says Ger, regarding it attentively; "do look at it, Cousin Gertrude."

"Cousin Gertrude" does as she is requested, and looks upon the well-known and well-remembered writing of Horace Westby. She reads the lines, and then suddenly leaves the breakfast-room.

When she gains her own apartment, "Cousin Gertrude" locks the door, and, standing in the middle of the room, with her hands clasped and a strange look upon her scared white face, her thoughts go back fifteen years; and the more Gertrude recalls the loving, earnest words and tones of Horace Westby of long ago, the more convinced does she feel that that valentine was meant for her. But "Cousin Gertrude" is a shy little woman and a proud little woman too; besides, she is somewhat afraid of making herself look ridiculous, if she should dare to ask Ger for it. And as she sits thinking a sudden thought comes like a great cloud to obscure the sunshine which has arisen in her heart, and she reflects—

"But is he not married? They told me so long ago."

"Cousin Gertrude" cannot unravel the mystery. Her customary equanimity is so disturbed that she feels she cannot encounter the battery of the eyes of the young people who would be sure to detect anything unusual in her manner; so, putting on her walking attire, she determines to go and spend the day at the Rectory, two miles away.

"I shall be back to dinner," she says to the servant in the hall. "I am going to walk to the Rectory."

* * * * * * *

"Miss Gertrude Hillas?"

"Yes, sir," and Colonel Westby is ushered into the drawing-room, where Ger sits at the piano.

After the usual greetings, Ger decorously offers apologies for her mother's non-appearance on the score of ill-health. The colonel looks sympathetic, and keeps wondering why "Cousin Gertrude" does not come. Of course, he concludes, the servant has told her.

A fifteen minutes' conversation ensues, and, as he rises to go, Colonel Westby says—

"Miss Gertrude Hillas—I hope she is quite well."

"Quite well, thank you. She went away after breakfast this morning, to spend the day with a friend."

Colonel Westby walks under the trees of Hilton Park, inwardly anathematizing himself for having sent that valentine. It is quite evident that Gertrude Hillas does not care for him now. Of course she never had cared—her little, sweet ways were those of a confirmed flirt, not those of the good, sweet woman he had ever imagined her to be! What a fool he was to fancy that she ever had loved him—to fancy that a woman could be constant!

Colonel Westby leans over a little rustic bridge, the dark, grand old woods behind him, and a pleasant vista of woodland before him: the little stream beneath rushes over the moss-grown stones, whilst a clear wintry sunset touches with silver the yet leafless branches of the trees. But he sees nothing of all this—at least, if he does, he is not aware of it; the trees may be covered with the tender green clothing of the spring for anything he knows. He is in a thoroughly bad temper, and tries to give vent to it by viciously kicking the stones into the brook below.

So intent is he upon his employment that he does not notice that a lady is watching him—a quiet, little lady in a soft gray dress and a scarlet cloak, who has emerged from one of the woodland paths. Swift blushes chase each other across her sweet, but somewhat faded face. At last she nerves herself, and, instead of passing Colonel Westby, with a beating heart, she approaches, and, holding out her hand, she says—

"How are you? I am very glad to see you."

He starts as if a ghost, or hamadryad, or something equally abnormal, had appeared. There stands the cause of all his annoyance; yet, somehow or other, he cannot make up his mind to seem very terrible. However, he determines to be cool—yes, very cool—to treat her just as indifferently as she has apparently treated him. All this time he has not said anything, and is standing with her hand in his, looking down at the sweet upturned face; and she, interpreting his silence differently, says, with quivering lips and a heart beating tumultuously at her own temerity—

"You sent a valentine to Hilton?"

His face flushes, but he holds her hand more tightly.

"Yes: did you not receive it?"

"No; it was addressed to Miss Gertrude Hillas—I am Miss Hillas now. You see I am not so young as I once was. My cousin received it—but—I thought it was for me."

Where is his anger now? He knows or cares not. A great joy takes its place as he whispers—

"Gertrude, I went to Hilton to-day to ask you to become my wife. I have never loved any one else."

"Nor have I any but you, Horace."

He folds her in his arms, and, as he does so, he strokes her hair, and inquires—

"But about these white hairs, Gertrude?"

"I had a dreadful illness, and after it my hair became quite white," she informs him.

"What caused the illness?" he pursues in all innocence.

The question has to be repeated several times before she answers—

"I heard you were married."

* * * * *

"Well, who was right?" exclaims Dick, exultingly, the next day. "Cousin Gertrude, didn't I tell you you'd take the shine out of Ger?"

"Come here, Dick, till I whisper something to you. When you were a little fellow in petticoats I knew Horace Westby, and we each promised never to marry any one else."

Dick's eyes grow wider with amazement.

"And really, Cousin Gertrude, has he come back for you?"

"Yes, Dick."

"Well, I am awfully sorry you're going, Cousin Gertrude—awfully sorry," and there is a suspicious moisture in the affectionate lad's eyes; "but he's the right sort, and I'm sure you'll be happy."

With her whole heart "Cousin Gertrude" endorses Dick's estimate, and there comes into her mind the words of the "sweet singer"—

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Legends of the Revolution.

BY ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

A WOMAN HERO.

Some might doubt, at first thought, that it was possible for a woman to enlist as a soldier, and maintain her disguise through all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. But undoubted facts prove that such has often been the case. Let us tell the story of Deborah Samson.

Deborah Samson was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, of humble parentage. She grew up uncared-for and obscure. As the wild fire of the revolutionary spirit began to spread through the land, her spirit caught the flame. Like so many women at the present day, she acquired a contempt for the home duties prescribed by nature and custom to her sex, and resolved to enlist as a soldier, and share the tumult and dangers of the battle and the camp.

Saving the money obtained by teaching, she gradually purchased piece by piece the attire of a man—hiding the articles in a haystack until she had acquired a complete suit. Then she disappeared as Deborah Samson, and appeared as a man, enlisting in the army under the name of Robert Shirtliffe.

She was tall and well-proportioned, and is said to have looked quite handsome in her male attire—being more comely in that than as a woman. The soldiers noted her want of a beard however, and were in the habit of calling her "Molly," though they never suspected her sex.

She made an excellent soldier, being prompt to the call of duty, and brave in the hour of battle. Twice was she wounded, and in both cases managed to preserve her secret. Being seized afterward with a brain fever, she was taken to the hospital, and one morning reported dead. The doctor, however, upon being told, doubted the fact—and, going to the bed, placed his hand upon her heart, when to his astonishment he found that his patient was not a man but a woman, and still living.

The physician—Dr. Binney of Philadelphia—kept her secret, not even saying a word to his family or herself about it; and as soon as she could be removed, had her taken to his own house, where she received every care.

And here comes in a still more romantic episode. The doctor's niece, whom he allowed to become the nurse of the young soldier, speedily grew enamored of the supposed young man. As she was herself in a higher position in life, and the heiress to considerable property, she thought it not unbecoming to make the first advances, and finally to declare her love, offering to provide the means for "Robert's" education preparatory to a marriage.

It was a dilemma. To declare that she was a woman, would be to bring shame and mortification to the breast of this innocent and generous girl. So Deborah declined as tenderly as she could the proffered obligation—merely saying that she hoped they would meet some day under happier auspices.

When Deborah had recovered sufficiently to join the army, the doctor placed in her hand a letter directed to General Washington, and requested her to deliver it in person. Now for the first time she began to feel certain that her benefactor knew her secret.

Washington read the letter, and after a short interval handed her, in silence, a discharge from the service, putting into her hand at the same time a note containing a few brief words of advice, and a sum of money sufficient to bear her expenses to her native place. "How thankful," she said, in after life, "was I to that great and good man, who so kindly spared my feelings. He saw me ready to sink into the earth with shame—one word of reproach from him would have crushed me like a falling rock. But he said nothing, and I blessed him!"

That her strange, masculine career had not blunted her feminine feelings, seems to be proved by the fact that she afterward married Mr. Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon, and lived to a green old age, following the usual duties of a woman's life. Doubtless many such instances occur in all great wars—ten unknown, for every one that is brought to light.

Burning the Dead.

The sentiment in favor of burning the dead seems to be growing in Europe. A society has been formed at Hamburg, the members of which are pledged to dispose of deceased members in this manner. Another in Zurich, called La Societe de la Mort, has a similar object. The distinguished surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, in a late number of the Contemporary Review, discusses with force, clearness, and spirit, the question of cremation of the dead.

The British Medical Journal suggests the formation of a "Society of Incremators" to carry out his ideas, and adds in support of the notion, "If a few hundred men of notable character, ability and respectability, were to agree to commit their bodies to the flames after death, and make suitable arrangements, they might probably soon be imitated by many more thousands, and so the foul practice of committing a rotting body to the ground, there to poison the soil which it encumbers, would be replaced by the more reasonable and cleanly reduction of the body to ashes by the speedy agency of flame."

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

TO H. M., (Philada.,) who does not want her letter published, we say, in the first place, make sure that your letters were received. If they have been, and your former correspondent now refuses to answer them or to take any notice of them, it shows plainly that he desires to end the intimacy that at one time existed between you. Forget the individual who could treat you in such an ungracious manner.

Y. S., (Avoca, N. Y.,) asks: "1st. If a young lady is boarding and going to school, and a young man to whom she is engaged lives in the place, is there any harm in her stopping at his house and staying a short time? 2d. At what age should a young man begin to learn a trade, and is the tinner's trade a good one? 3d. Do I write a hand good enough for a book-keeper? 4th. Would you advise a young man to join the regular army?" 1st. It might be very improper under some circumstances, and not at all so under others. As a rule it is best for young ladies, engaged or unengaged, to be very careful how they give gossiping tongues a chance to speak or whisper evil. Nothing is so delicate, so easily sullied, as a lady's name, especially if she be young and removed from the protecting circle of home and friends. 2d. As early as possible after acquiring a good common education. Any honest trade is good if rightly pursued. 3d. It would do. 4th. We would not.

A. K. T., (Conway Summit, Penn.,) asks: "Will you give the right pronunciation of Eureka, and inform me how the word came to be used?" U-re'-ka. It was the exclamation of the Syracusan philosopher, Archimedes, when he discovered how to test the purity of Hiero's crown. The tale is that Hiero delivered a certain weight of gold to a workman, to be made into a crown, but, suspecting that the workman employed had alloyed the gold with an inferior metal, asked Archimedes to test the crown. The philosopher went to bathe, and in stepping into the bath, which was quite full, observed that some of the water ran over. It immediately struck him that a body must remove its own bulk of water when it is immersed, and, putting his idea to the test, found his surmise to be correct. Now, then, for the crown. Silver is lighter than gold; therefore, a pound-weight of silver will be more bulky than a pound-weight of gold, and being of greater bulk will displace more water. When the idea flashed across his mind, the philosopher jumped out of the bath, exclaiming "Eureka! Eureka!" and without waiting to dress himself, ran home to try the experiment. Dryden, in the following couplet, has mistaken the quantity of the word:

> "The deist thinks he stands on firmer ground,
> Cries 'Eureka!' the mighty secret's found."

But Byron has promoted the right quantity:

> "Now we clap
> Our hands and cry 'Eureka!'"

KATE L., (Middlebourne, W. Va.,) asks: 1st. How are the following names pronounced, viz.: Chateaubriand; Paganini; Rossini; Mendelssohn; Offenbach; Muhlbach; Moltke; Thiers; Nilsson and Albrecht Von Graefe? 2d. Has the late panic had any effect upon the subscription lists of the periodicals issued in the United States? That is, has the number of people who take these things decreased? 3d. How are the designs used in carpets, woollen goods, prints and wall-papers obtained? 4th. Of what is putty compounded? 1st. Sha-to-bre-on—accent about equal on each syllable; Pa-ga-nee'-nee; Ros-see'-nee; Men'-del-son; Of'-fen-back; Mul'-beck; Molt-ke; Te-er'; Neel'-son; Al'-brekt Von Gra'-feh. 2d. The periodicals always share the fortunes of other branches of business. Hard times for others, are hard times for them. 3d. They are obtained of persons who make it their special business or art to originate and furnish them. 4th. Putty is composed of whiting or soft carbonate of lime, and linseed oil.

"WILD ZIP," (Washington, N. C.,) writes: "1st. Will you please inform me through your correspondents' column where dollar stores buy their goods, so they can sell them at such astonishingly low prices? 2d. What business do you think an energetic business man, with a few hundred dollars capital, could make the most money at in a city?" 1st. They buy them of wholesalers, we presume, the same as other retailers do. As to the "astonishing low prices" that goods can be purchased for at the dollar stores, experience might teach you that such establishments are in fact among the dearest in existence, since cheap and inferior goods are not worth purchasing at any price. You may rest assured that such concerns are not purely benevolent. Only when you know your articles thoroughly, can you make really good bargains at the dollar stores. 2d. We cannot say. A man with such limited capital would probably succeed best in some very small business.

A. B., (Davenport, Iowa,) asks: "How long after marriage are the respective paper, wood, tin and other weddings celebrated? What was the origin of the custom?" It is customary for those who wish presents of paper, wood, tin, or silver to invite their friends to celebrate with them the third, fifth, tenth, or twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage day. Each guest is expected to bring a suitable gift. Crystal weddings come on the twentieth anniversary, golden on the fiftieth, and diamond on the seventy-fifth. We think with a contemporary that "all this should be reversed, and the most valuable gifts come when they are most needed by married pairs. Diamonds to octogenarians are unsuitable, while paper gifts would probably last as long as needed. The whole matter of wedding anniversaries and wedding gifts has been so overdone as to become nauseous to many thinking and sensitive people." The custom of celebrating the twenty-fifth and fiftieth anniversaries of marriage is somewhat venerable, we believe, but cannot give its origin. The others grew out of it.

KATHLEEN, (Maple Row, Ohio,) writes: "I have a friend who used to live in Pittsburgh, and was brought away from there five years ago by a man who moved from there at that time, and will not now give any information respecting the whereabouts of the relatives of said friend or mine (a girl of fourteen). Now, 1st. What would be the best plan to pursue in order to find the girl's friends, who are supposed to reside still in Pittsburgh? 2d. What would be the penalty imposed upon the person who brought the girl here, if it could be proved that he took the child against the wishes of her friends? 3d. How are my handwriting, spelling and composition for one unused to writing?" 1st. Without knowing more of the circumstances of the case, we are not able to advise any action. If you believe that the girl has been wronged by a forced removal from her family or friends, you should make investigation into the matter. First make inquiries as to the presumed fact; you may learn something that will show you how best to proceed. Be careful, however, not to become a mere meddler. There may be good reasons for the man maintaining what appears to you to be a mystery, and to remove it might not benefit the girl. 2d. The penalty, if abduction could be proven, would be very severe. 3d. All fair.

WILLIAM SOUTH, (Farmville, N. C.,) asks: "Will you please give me your opinion as to what business I can follow to make the most money with the least capital invested?" Get some good fat office under the government, where neither money, brains, nor work is required.

E. W., (Lexington, Ky.,) asks: "1st. What and where was Delphi, of which Plutarch makes frequent mention? 2d. What is the meaning of bête noir? 3d. Is 'Mark Jarrett's Daisy' published in book form?" 1st. Delphi was a small town of ancient Phocis, of high importance in the history of Greece as the seat of the Oracle of Apollo. A temple was erected there, the management of which was given to the deputies of the surrounding cities and states, who assembled in the sacred building. But the oracle was ruled by the priests, who were all regarded as the sacred family of Apollo, and delighted in continual sacrifices, feasts, festivals and processions, as well as the Pythian games, which were held on the plain near Delphi. The place was regarded as the centre of the earth. The influence of Delphi through the oracle on the affairs of Greece and other nations was immense. Its treasures, monuments and statues were prodigious in number, value and splendor. But its power waned, its glory faded, and the usual tide of empire overtook it. 2d. Bête Noir means the thorn in the side, the bitter in the cup, the black sheep, the object of aversion—anything, in short, that is unwelcome, irritating and disagreeable. 3d. No; we believe not.

TEACHER, (Bryan, Ohio,) asks: "1st. Will you inform me where the Fayal islands are? 2d. What is the meaning of the words 'Euroclydon' and 'Kyrie Eleison' that occur in Longfellow's poem 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year'?" 1st. Fayal is the name of a single island, not of a group, as you appear to think. It is one of the Azores, and is situated in the Atlantic Ocean about latitude 38° north. 2d. Euroclydon is the Greek name of a very tempestuous wind (Acts xxvii. 14) now known as a Levanter. It is of the nature of a whirlwind, and its danger results from its suddenness, violence and the uncertainty of its course. Kyrie Eleison is Greek, meaning "Lord, have mercy upon us."

ELSA, (Bainbridge, Ark.,) asks: "What is the story of Lalla Rookh? Will you give an epitome of it?" Lalla Rookh (Tulip Cheek) the heroine of the poem of that name, by Moore, was the supposed daughter of Aurungzebe, emperor of Delhi, betrothed to Aliris, Sultan of Lesser Bucharia. On her journey from Delhi to the valley of Cashmere, she is entertained by a young Persian poet named Feramorz, who is supposed to relate the four poetical tales of the romance, and with whom she falls in love. Her delight is unbounded when she discovers that the poet and the sultan are one and the same person.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]